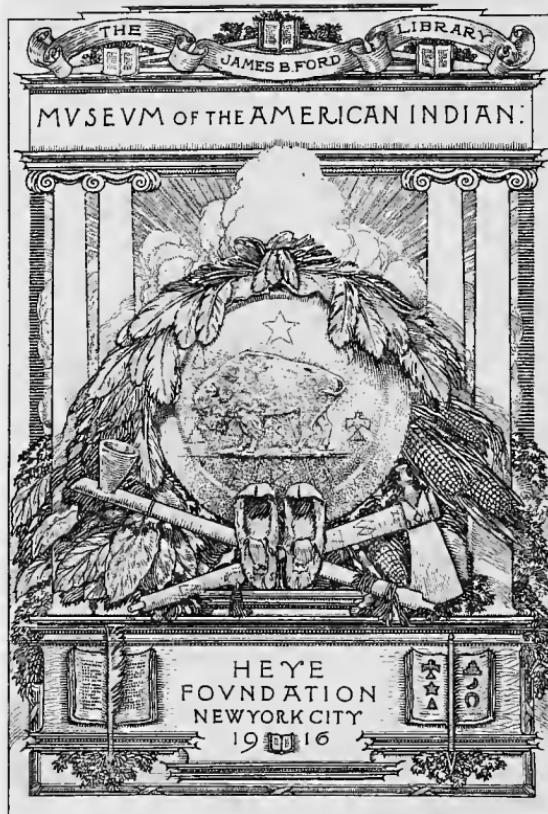


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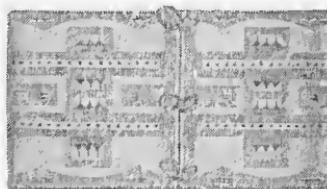


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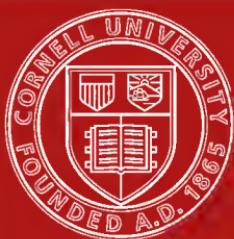


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In receiving this autographed copy of my book
it is hoped that you will enjoy the true recital of
the experiences encountered during my health-
giving pedestrian tours.

THE AUTHOR

No.

PHILADELPHIA

October, 1921



HERBERT WELSH IN WALKING COSTUME

THE
NEW GENTLEMAN
OF THE ROAD

By HERBERT WELSH

PHILADELPHIA
WM. F. FELL CO. PRINTERS

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HERBERT WELSH

I GLADLY DEDICATE THIS SIMPLE STORY
OF LONG WALKS
TO MY FIRST AND MUCH LOVED GRANDCHILD

HERBERT FRAZER WELSH

SINCE THOUGHT OF HIM
WHOSE BRIGHT, INQUIRING MIND CONSTANTLY
SEEKS FRESH KNOWLEDGE
HAS DURING THAT OF 1920 DONE MUCH TO
KEEP ME FIRM IN MY RESOLVE
TO FINISH THE LONG JOURNEY

HERBERT WELSH

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BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

REMEMBRANCE has let go many things—tides and eddies of life sometimes vital—but it can never relinquish that scene ahead on a fine fresh May morning as I leaped from the automobile and overtook Herbert Welsh, philosopher, orator, and pedestrian.

I saw a gray tramp in the vista of very Old York Road, with a stride of steady endurance, with a knapsack of weight on his back, and dangling shoes and an umbrella-cane in his hands, who trudged on like the inevitable hours, tireless and all-beholding.

We talked of many things through the pleasant miles to Furlong for food and rest, and then I left the adventurer to pursue his hundreds of leagues northwardly.

Now this book is the refreshing fruit of that journey; and though its narrative is as true as the north star, yet as beguiling as fiction, I find in it something more, and sweeter and finer than either fact or fiction—I find in it Character.

There are two meanings to this quality as it relates to narrative: it implies honest traits and noble aims, and these are embedded deep in the fabric of these pages. It also stands for the creation of a personage, usually imaginary, by the author.

Thus Herbert Welsh the writer has created Herbert Welsh the truth-telling, entertaining, picturesque embodiment of himself, and you perceive him here as an object projected on the background of the richest and most lovable country on earth: the rolling farmlands of Pennsylvania, New York, and New England.

The essays of Elia would be delightful in any form; but as the vehicle to convey the gentle character of Charles Lamb they are immortally entralling. So of these pages: they picture not

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only a sturdy tramp, but they hold the spirit of Herbert Welsh, the kindly thinker and the genuine friend of the hurt and suffering.

Adventures by the way are abundant. They will best describe themselves.

HARRISON S. MORRIS

THE STARTING OF A LONG WALK

ON SUNDAY night last I got to bed in my own home on Baynton Street, Germantown, betimes—about 9 o'clock—quite peacefully and ready to be harnessed under 23 pounds of baggage very early the following morning. This consisted of a ruck-sack, made of strong, waterproof brown canvas; an extra pair of "trot-moc" tanned leather shoes, slung over the shoulder; a blanket for warmth and covering in case of a night passed on the sward, tied up with a waterproof poncho for protection against damp on the ground, or rain from above, also slung over the shoulder; a boy-scout kit similarly suspended, and, last of all, an ordinary alpaca umbrella with a curved handle to hang easily from the left arm. In the ruck-sack, packed with extreme care to secure the best balance, were changes of underclothing, toilet articles, a diary to record the events of the journey, and in the outside pockets a little food to relieve moments of emptiness.

I rose on Monday morning, the nineteenth, at precisely 2 o'clock, without the use of an alarm clock, after five hours of refreshing rest. At just 4 A. M., having breakfasted, self-prepared, duly laden, I was marching up Church Lane to the Old York Road in the darkness, under clear stars—that being my shortest route to New Hope, where I expected to meet a supper engagement at 7 o'clock that evening. The distance, as I judge, and as my pedometer ultimately recorded it, is 30 miles. The first few miles up the York Road, owing to trolley tracks on either side, an automobile way in the middle, and the absence of any continuous sidewalk, make this bit of the route a dangerous one for a pedestrian. Sometimes as an automobile grazes him on the left flank, and a great trolley car thunders over steel rails on the right, the poor foot-man prays for steadiness of nerve. But let him feel that his prayer is granted and all will go well. Some day walking may again be in fashion and a safe sidewalk will be granted by authority.

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Jenkintown was passed through about 5.40, as the dawn, with placid, silent majesty, crept from the east up to the zenith, depicting great trees and the beauty of buildings, whether homes of the rich or meaner constructions of commonest use. The walker moves slowly through all this nascent loveliness, recurring endlessly with the changing season and the new day. Sunrise came a little later, heralded by the twittering and melodies of fully awakened birds, the sun an intense globe of light, foiled by the great branches of a stately tree—purple, green, blue, against the eastern sky."

I passed through the charming village of Hatboro and stopped half an hour for a good second breakfast of milk, bread, and coffee—Hatboro, which, as a swinging sign announced, was built in 1705, and in 1778 was the scene of the battle of Crooked Billet, a skirmish between the King's troops and the Colonial forces, of which, up to the hour of 8 Monday morning last, I was blissfully ignorant.

About 9.30 o'clock, after many automobiles had whirred by me, came one of size and elegance, from which a strong and cheery voice, as it stopped a little distance ahead, issued, calling me by name and bidding me good-morning. Out jumped my friend, and the friend of progress and the fine arts in our city and state—Harrison S. Morris. We had a fine walk of six miles together, chatting of many things, but especially of the affairs of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts and its offspring, The Fellowship, struggling now, as we think, for a richer, freer life against a fatal policy of withheld nutrition, injurious alike to parent and to child. But we both agreed that for the cause of the fine arts in Philadelphia a brighter day is sure to dawn, when the city, freeing herself from the shackles of machine politics, shall rise to the consciousness of her own strength and her splendid possibilities of development in the election of an honest, fearless, progressive mayor, who shall truly represent the intelligence of her people.

The physical war for the safety of democracy is over, but the spiritual contest between selfish autocracy and human indi-

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vidual rights with us in Philadelphia still waits to be settled. Why not set that battle in array at once by taking up the question of the mayoralty campaign in advance of the making of the slate by the Republican machine? Why not select two or more good names of men who, by character and training, are well fitted for this honorable place, rallying behind them enough popular force to show our bosses—contemptuously indifferent as they may seem—that we are a power not to be trifled with? In our hands, by such timely action, will be found the power to make the city respectable at home and respected beyond our own borders. Might it not be possible to make such a tentative selection from men who had won experience and credit in the official family of the late Mayor Blankenburg, and one of whom might now be found the means—if sincerely called upon by his fellow-citizens—of restoring to honor the name of Philadelphia?

I had made about 18 miles when, at 11.30, Mr. Morris and I reached the hotel, where we dined together at noon. Before this simple meal, while I lay on the ground enjoying a good rest after so early a rising, he seemed to take especial pleasure in the liquid note of some kind of martin, known to him, which came at intervals from the thick branches of a tree overhead. My friend returned to his home at Oak Lane immediately after dinner, while I continued my journey, through increasing heat and over roads sprinkled with sharp stones, until, at 5.30 p. m., I found myself, for the fourth time in annual succession, at Mr. McCauley's hotel, close to the quiet canal, at New Hope. The long walk was over. A cold bath soon restored comfort and that self-respect that comes from cleanliness. By 7 o'clock that evening I was fulfilling an engagement to take tea with Mr. and Mrs. Davenport on their green lawn by the Delaware, surrounded by the blossoms and the indefinable murmurings of a May evening, and enjoying the conversation of sincere and sympathetic friends. Surely a day well spent and happily ended! —and a good start for 500 miles still to be made into New England.

THE especial charm of a long walk like that upon which I have now embarked is that the unexpected always happens in it. And with me it is usually the pleasant-unexpected. So I try never to be in a hurry and never to worry in the slightest degree if plans—tentatively made—must be abandoned or greatly modified because a wholly unlooked-for chance to do something worth while presents itself. After a very good night's rest, in a small third-story room at Mr. McCauley's Hotel at New Hope, Bucks County, Pa., I rose on the morning of the twentieth at 6.30, with the consciousness that I had made unusual exertion the previous day in taking a 30-mile walk with what now seems—by subsequent testing on a very accurate scale—to be 24 pounds of baggage on my back. I was quite ready for whatever quota of work might be required of me, but I did not wish it to be as much as that done on the first day, nor, indeed, was that a possibility, with a start made four hours later. However, I had breakfast at 7.30 and probably would have gotten off an hour earlier had not the unexpected in the shape of a visit from my artist friend, Mr. Ramsay, happened. He invited me to visit his studio, and that I gladly did, spending there, all told, an hour looking at his landscape paintings and color studies, and listening to his fascinating conversation, which dealt with artistic matters generally, and the affairs of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts in particular. Many years ago he was Curator there. The studio was the third-story room of an old building difficult of access by a narrow, rude staircase, with its appropriate windows of north light looking out over the gray Delaware. I was more than glad to spare from the highway the hour passed with a friend of congenial tastes, and who had much valuable information to give me on various subjects in that quiet and delightful retreat. The oil paintings shown pleased me greatly, imbued as they

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were with the spirit of the special locality in which they were done, and with a delicate sentiment of color which increasingly pleased and satisfied the eye. And in his portrayal of Academy affairs,—as he in a past experience had viewed them,—the detailed and vivid conversation of my friend presented a picture strikingly similar to that which I had already in my mind, derived as it was from other sources and from my own past four years of service. Farewell, and the road at 10 o'clock!

As I crossed the long bridge over the Delaware with the slow, measured stride becoming an all-day walk, the sun broke through the light screen of clouds, making the scene lovely. Very peaceful and soothing was it. Up came the memories of former years when I had crossed the same bridge on a similar journey. But then I had gone directly to the north through Ringoes and the Three Bridges to Plainfield. This time I aimed across country to Princeton by Woodsville and Hopewell, over the Brunswick pike—a route but little known to most people of whom I inquired the way. The country through which I passed was rolling and of gentle mien, but most lovely in its fresh, spring-blossomed greens. After leaving the river and passing through the streets of Lambertville I pulled slowly up a long hill, which brought me on the high land above, whence was had a splendid prospect of the Pennsylvania country to the west. As I looked at that inspiring range of distant, calm cobaltish green touching the horizon, the thought came to me of my good friend, Mr. John Frederick Lewis, whose ideas about the Academy of the Fine Arts management differ so sharply from those of some of us. He suffered last autumn from that fierce disease, inflammatory rheumatism. Could he but be persuaded to venture on such a tour as this he would find to his happiness what James Payson Weston, the champion walker, discovered years ago, that pedestrianism is a sovereign remedy for this painful and dangerous malady.

The clouds soon returned, with occasional light showers,—after circling the horizon,—impelled by strong, fitful puffs of wind. I got off the right road for a while, but two men,

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plowing in a field, to whom I haltingly made my way over stubbled ground, obligingly set me right. They seemed to take much interest in my long journey. Some distance ahead, my watch having run down, I asked the time of a good-humored old man, stone deaf, weeding a garden. He seemed really pleased to go into the house for my accommodation. It was high noon. I set my watch and went on, resolved to find some dinner. I soon came to a good farm-house close to the road, with a middle-aged woman busy on a small porch to which the kitchen door opened. I asked in clear, firm tones if I might take the midday meal with her household. "No," they did not provide meals for strangers. "But, madam, I must have something to eat: there is no inn short of five miles beyond here; my wants are simple—bread and milk, an egg, anything will do; of course, I will pay." I knew I had won the battle, for not saying "no," she went into the kitchen, shutting the door behind her. The farmer proprietor, Mr. Matthews, a ruddy-faced, pleasant man of sixty years, entirely friendly, and knowing I would get my lunch, invited me into an odd-and-end hut close to the house. There we sat down and talked about many things in an agreeable manner. He brought up the old days when he was a boy, in which apple whisky in a jug and down by a shady stream was a pleasant adjunct—and not harmful, he thought—to harvest time. The whisky of to-day was vile—veritable liquid fire. I told him of a young woman in whom I had become interested, intelligent, unselfish, living in an up-State town, a true mother to her younger brothers and sisters, whose early childhood had been darkened and nearly ruined by the brutality of a cruel father, so that at fourteen she had been forced to run away from home and shift for herself. The man in question did not drink, and had the credit of piety in the religious body to which he belonged. He seemed to see no inconsistency between this gratification of insane rage and his religious professions. "Yes," said Mr. Matthews, "I knew a man living near here much like that. He vented his temper, though, on animals—not on his wife and children. To them he would behave well enough, and

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he was a good neighbor, but when he got mad he would hit a horse with a hammer or do anything cruel and savage to him."

Presently in came my good lunch, brought by a slender woman advanced in years. It was all that could be desired: a pitcher containing four or five glasses of milk,—I drank all this, no more, no less,—a plate containing hot potatoes and two very large pieces of bread, softened with milk and buttered; chocolate pudding for dessert. I consumed everything given me, leaving nothing but taking nothing more, although it was offered sincerely. What was the cost? Mr. Matthews left that to me. No, it was for him to fix the price. Would 25 cents be right? I offered 35. Too much—25. We settled it at 30.

At 2 o'clock I started out again, tramping for some time toward Woodsville. I was sleepy from the previous day's early rising, and more or less footsore. There were inviting stretches of grass and moss-covered ground between the road and the fences of the fields on either side. Finally I came to one that wooed irresistibly. I unslung my ruck-sack, my blanket, and second pair of shoes—which Harrison S. Morris incorrectly reported as being carried in my hands. Arranging everything with precision, I soon had rest and sleep—much needed—on the ground. I not only covered my body, but my head and eyes, with my blanket, shutting out all but light slumber. The wind and surrounding trees and fields were soothing. Nothing in the way of human beings came along but the chut and rattle of one little Ford. But finally a sharp little flurry of rain and wind summoned me to the road once more. As I neared Woodsville I met two of the sweetest little girls imaginable, six and ten years, I judge, going home from school. Almy was the name of the younger and Marie that of the older of these two bright children. Along with their school-books each had a bunch of freshly gathered buttercups in hand. We had a pleasant little talk, and I, spying violets in the grassy bank on which these little maids stood, plucked two, offering one to each. They were graciously accepted and were added to the gold of the buttercups—the purple giving a touch of repose to the strong

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color. I lodged in Hopewell that night, at the Central House. I had the best of entertainment, a good airy room, and a comfortable bed. On entering this old town I noticed in a graveyard on the left a stone, the inscription of which showed that the patriot Hart, a signer of the Declaration of Independence from New Jersey, slept beneath.

I ROSE at 6.30 on the morning of May 21st, after a most comfortable night passed in the Central Hotel, Hopewell, N. J., and at breakfast met a gentleman at the table whose conversation I found intelligent and agreeable—Mr. Eugene Murphy, of Plainfield. We talked about many things of public interest, and among others touched upon were the questions of art and art instruction in the United States. He told me that his daughter, who had a marked talent for depicting animals in motion, had at one time been a student at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, but had asked and obtained her father's permission to leave that institution (which she considered was run too much on political lines) and to go to the School of Industrial Art. With its instruction and management she was entirely satisfied.

I was delighted with the Central Hotel, which seemed to me a model in the excellent entertainment furnished at small cost to the traveler, and in the courtesy and consideration with which he was treated. The walk to Princeton, the famous college town which I had not visited for about thirty years, when I was invited to speak to the students in the chapel on Indians,—that was in President McCosh's time,—was only eight miles. It was over a good turnpike road most of the way. The weather was sunny part of the time, but quite sharp little showers came up before I had completed my journey—one of them struck me at a point a few miles from Princeton, where I found the road very rough and under process of mending by a gang of workmen. As I was picking my way among loose stones and piles of earth which obstructed the path, one of the men, evidently an Italian, drew aside to let me pass. I wished him a “buon giorno.” Instantly a large, strong-looking young man, standing at a little distance, saluted me with, “Parlez vous français?” Thinking that, no doubt, he was a French Canadian, I an-

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swered him in French. At once he broke into good Irish-American English, telling me that, hearing a foreign language, he thought it might be French, and so had addressed me in that tongue, of which he knew a little. Of course, he was a soldier boy just back from France, and full of the animation and broadened outlook which the great experience had given. On the temperance question he seemed to think there was some middle course to that desired end between the "bone dry" program booked for July 1st, and the time-dishonored American habit of whisky drinking over a bar. The idea of light wines mingled with water and taken with food, or a glass of beer as a similar accompaniment, seemed to have opened upon his mind as a desirable possibility, born out of over-seas experiences. Ending wars by the League of Nations seemed also to find favor in this young man's eyes. We stood there chatting merrily until a downpour of rain drove my friend and the laborers under him to the shelter of a neighboring tree, and me, with umbrella unfurled, plodding on my way.

I reached the beautiful environs of Princeton, with handsome residences, green lawns, and fine shade trees on either side. I should have taken Hodge Avenue down to 52 Cleveland Lane, where my amiable and generous hostess, Mrs. Charles Imbrie, was ready to receive me, but a perverse spirit guided me a little further round. However, a very helpful North-of-Ireland automobile chauffeur, living in a lodge attached to one of the fine places, not only set me straight, with precise directions, and who, though I asked only a drink of cold water of him, like the Old Testament heroine who made so cruel a use of the tent pin, offered me milk, out of pure kindness and with no hidden evil intent. May he and his sort be blessed!

Fairly moist by drops within and without, I concluded by 1 o'clock this pleasant half-day's walk. Can anything be more delightful than to balance the fatigue and the dust of the road by the cordial reception of a friend tried through a generation, added to the coolness, quiet, and comfort of a refined and tasteful home?

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During the day and a half spent in Princeton I had every chance to see and to admire the rich historic interests of this fine old college town, and the many costly and beautiful buildings which in recent years, and since my former visit to it, the benevolence of many generous donors has erected. Long façades of dormitories in Gothic style, with quiet green quadrangles elm-shaded, of towers of chapels or refectories, reproducing much of the impression of Old World's seats of learning, fill the mind of the visitor with gentle pleasure. Even the trumper stopping for a few days,—coming from and going back into dusty roads,—and lodging in mean houses, here breathes for the moment "the still air of delightful studies." And in seeing the house once lived in by Grover Cleveland—sturdy Democrat—after his retirement from the fierce conflicts of American political life, and the two cottages occupied by his greater and more tried compatriot, Woodrow Wilson, one is reminded of Princeton's close linking with the real life of the nation and the world, and of how large a contribution the Presbyterian Church, to which both these distinguished men belonged, has made to the life of the country.

I saw with great interest, also, the house in which General Mercer expired after he had fallen in the action between the British and American troops at Princeton during the Revolutionary War. A stray cannon shot is said to have passed through the wall of the college library during the battle, and to have destroyed a portrait of George III which hung there. The college authorities replaced this with a portrait of Washington. Could the political passions of the hour have been but controlled by historic and antiquarian sense, the picture of the foolish and at last demented King would have been allowed to hang where it was struck, side by side with that of his great and successful rival. I was glad to learn that there was a movement on foot, under the leadership of one of the Trustees of Princeton,—a very able and successful man in the management of financial affairs,—to raise a fund of several millions of dollars, the interest of which is to be used to increase the too-scant salaries of

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the professors and instructors of the college. This certainly is a most worthy enterprise, which should promptly command full success. With the enormous advance in the cost of living and the salaries of these gentlemen remaining at the low figure at which they had always been, great hardship to them has been entailed. Colleges like Princeton, rich through bequests and gifts in other ways, are usually poor at this point. It is a need that should be met.

On Friday morning, May 21st, duly equipped again for the road, I said farewell to my hostess of the pleasant, quiet home in Cleveland Lane, and started northward over the Lincoln Highway through Kingston to New Brunswick. I soon found myself amid very different surroundings, and in very different company from that which belonged to the learned center that I had left behind. I came upon parts of the road under repair and much torn up. It was shut off entirely from auto traffic by the usual signs, but these did not stop walkers like myself. In places the ground was very muddy—even puddles of water had to be avoided. These were caused by showers the previous day, while elsewhere piles of broken stone—a base for the cement covering—obstructed the path. Every now and again I would come on steam-rollers being managed by gangs of rough-looking men, both white and black, who were at work. I did not at first see anything peculiar about them, failing to scrutinize closely their faces,—so needful was it for me to take careful heed to my steps over the broken ground,—further than to notice that remarks addressed to the passer-by were less civil than I generally met with. Like many others, they were curious to know how much of a “hike” I was taking, and when I sang out gaily to this inquiry, “To Lake Sunapee, New Hampshire,” the uncouth reply came back in stentorian tones, “You’ve got a hell of a long road ahead of you.” I had almost retorted, “Boys, I am bound for heaven; it looks as though you were in the other place.” But I refrained. Soon I encountered a much more civil group, one young fellow of which, walking alongside of me in his undershirt and trousers, with muscular, well-knit

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arms and shoulders, brushed elbows with me—so narrow was the path. His countenance was open, his cheeks ruddy, and his speech perfectly respectful and pleasant. “I suppose that you are a soldier and have just returned from the war?” I said. “Oh, no,” he answered quite cheerfully, “I’m in prison.” Then I realized that these were convicts from the Trenton Penitentiary. “Well,” I said hopefully, “you’ll soon be out.”

JUST a few words more about the gangs of convicts working on the Lincoln Highway that bright May morning, who were my close companions for quite a distance as I picked my way in and out among them, moving toward New Brunswick. Most of the faces that I took the trouble to notice, after I was aware of their peculiar position in society, seemed very vacant, and some of them almost senseless. There were some large, stalwart negroes among them, who, I can well imagine, might have a terrifying effect on one under some circumstances, and if no armed guard was around. There was one quite small, rather fat negro that I met on the road quite alone, far distant from any of the gangs. He had been trusted, I imagine, to go on some errand for the rest, and was coming back to them when I encountered him at the side of the road. His queer little fat round face was amiable enough, with a certain pallor under his dark skin, but quite devoid of any gleam of wit. He was very curious to know whither I was going, with all those strange burdens on my back and attached to my body. The thought of the long trip on foot to a distant State seemed really to arouse him, and to excite whatever imagination he had, for after I had passed on I heard him repeating what I had said to a farmer coming up the road, and who had joined him.

Shortly after I met a white man who owned a little house and plot of ground close to the Lincoln Highway. He showed me how, by passing through his domain, I could get on a good macadam road, which brought me into the main road some distance further on, and above the part obstructed by repairing. He said that last year the convicts working there had done much damage to his place, having taken off his fence-rails, and pretty well cleaned out the fruit from his fruit-trees, and the vegetables from his garden. But he added that he thought the State would make good his loss. He spoke of the matter, and of the prisoners generally, wholly without any tone of rancor. He told me, also, that one band of these men had become so unruly

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that they had to be taken back to Trenton. But I thought, with the great green trees swaying in the wind that glorious spring day, the fields stretching off and off, the open blue sky overhead and great white clouds moving under it, what a boon it must be to these men to work thus in the open. I talked a little with one young man who was cooking dinner for the others in the corner of a field by the road, who seemed really to be enjoying himself.

Somewhat after noon that day, finding no place to get dinner, I unrolled my blanket and poncho on the ground, rested, and ate my lunch of sandwiches under the shade of some maple trees, on the grounds of a little wayside Methodist church. A small Italian food vender, for twelve cents each, supplied me with two bottles of "near beer." One bottle held the contents of a moderate-sized tumbler.

Tramp, tramp, tramp again over a dusty, rough highway, with frequent extra powderings from ponderous, thundering auto trucks. I reached the busy heart of New Brunswick that afternoon, somewhat after 4 o'clock. The high wind that had been blowing all day, growing hotter, seemed to be gathering together the nebulous material for a thunder-storm. I was on the main street of the town, and just about to enter a rather attractive-looking lunch-room, when I felt upon my shoulder a hand arresting my movements. I looked around, in some surprise, to see a young man in khaki military dress. "Come over to our Boy Scouts' rooms," he said, in a most pleasant manner, "and we will take care of you." "But I am not a soldier," I answered, fearing that he had mistaken me for one who had just returned from France. "Oh! that doesn't matter at all; you are on a hike." So he conducted me across the street to the Boy Scout headquarters, which were in the second story of an old and very forlorn building. There I was greeted, with an enthusiasm and cordiality which took me completely by surprise, by Director York, seeing that I was an absolute stranger to him. He grasped my hand with fervor, and shook it up and down several times in a way that, I fear, had he known me better, he

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would scarcely have felt warranted in doing. But at any rate it was delightful to be treated in that way by young men who, a few moments before, had been ignorant of my existence. They gave me as much iced water as I could drink, and soon, having been kindly guided thereto by the young man who had first captured me,—Mr. Vanderhofer,—I found myself at the Y.M.C.A. building, enjoying a shower-bath, which was most refreshing.

By Director York's advice I determined to lodge that night at Metuchen, some five or six miles further on. Supper at the original lunch-rooms over, I followed the main street as it crossed the Raritan River, on a solid stone bridge, and then up the street on the far bank. Then followed long stretches of environs. But the thunder-storm that had been brewing all day had now contracted in deep violet, threatening vapor behind me to the south. The thunder-storm is my inveterate enemy. It is the only kind of atmospheric disturbance at this season which will stop my progress. I march along all day in an easterly rain quite contented, but when the vivid electric bolts begin their zig-zag rending of the sky and go banging into the trembling earth, with their accompanying torrents of rain, then I seek any kind of shelter that is at hand. As this particular storm, which evidently had serious intentions, crept nearer and nearer, with increasing ominous darkness and intermittent gushes of falling drops, I began to fear that I was doomed to at least a wetting, and dubiousness as to a resting-place for the night. No fleeing automobile offered me refuge, and every available house seemed to have vanished. Then, at the very moment when I had given myself up for lost, appeared close on my right, as though it had sprung up out of the ground, a single-story garage for auto repairing. Its door was wide open, as though to invite me in. There I had shelter, by permission of the young owner, for a full hour, as the orange-red lightning tore the clouds with many thunder peals and torrents of rain fell. Surely I was fortunate and grateful for it! Then the sun came out, and smiling on the wet trees and fields, sank to rest as I marched on to Metuchen and fresh adventure.

NEVER was there a more extraordinary transformation in the face of nature than that which occurred as I left the little one-story garage which had sheltered me from the severe thunder-storm by which I was overtaken on the road beyond New Brunswick that I was following to Metuchen. The storm clouds had cleared away completely to the west, but in the eastern sky they still hung as a curtain on which an exquisite rainbow formed under the rays of the setting sun. The great trees—white pines and maples—glittered with drops in the brilliant light that lasted for a little while before the twilight came. The twitter of some birds and the musical notes of others gave a peculiar charm to this closing scene of the day which, but half an hour before, had been so wild and depressing.

“Stop at ‘The Pines,’ a good hotel, to the left of the road and only a mile and a half below,” was the parting advice of my friend, the proprietor of the repair garage. I was tempted to follow it, but the place, when I came to it, did not tempt me to stop, and I was urged forward to cover the five or six miles to Metuchen, partly by the wish to have less distance to cover the following day, and partly because Director York had picked out this town as a suitable stopping-place, and had given me a card of introduction to his friend, Captain Molineaux, there. When I asked just where I was to find him, he answered confidently, “Ask in any store and they will tell you.” He added that Captain Molineaux would either tell me of a suitable hotel or would let me stay in the Boy Scouts’ hut. When I reached Metuchen it was quite dark, and everything was wet and heavy with the rain that had fallen so short a time before. Coming to a drug-store, and remembering Director York’s advice, I entered it, to find the druggist and his wife taking their supper at a little table. I asked him to tell me where I could find the Captain’s house, and then, partly to repay him for his trouble and also to relieve my chronic thirst, I ordered a glass of Moxie.

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I followed the directions given me as well as I could,—they seemed rather elaborate,—turning first to the left and then to the right, and then going until I could go no further, I came to a small house which I rightly assumed to be my destination. It was quite dark, save for a faint glimmer of light from a room in the back part on the ground floor. In answer to my pressure on the electric button a voice called out to know who was there. “Captain Molineaux,” I said, “I have come with a line of introduction to you from Director York, and I should like to have you tell me where I can lodge—whether in a hotel that you may name, or in the Boy Scout hut.” Captain Molineaux, himself a small man, quite bald and apparently prepared to retire for the night, then came forth to receive me. He was exceedingly kind, and took especially to the idea of my passing the night in the Boy Scout hut. He drew me a little map showing its precise location. I was to pass two or three streets that were named, and then to follow one nameless one. Then I was to go through a bit of woodland, in the center of which I would find the hut. My friend felt sure that I would find firewood in it. It was locked, and to unlock it I was given a diminutive Yale key, without a tag or even a string attached. My faith, I am ashamed to say,—which is usually fairly strong,—suddenly failed me. I doubted my being able to find the hut where darkness must brood even in the outskirts of the woods; while in its black center I still more strongly doubted my being able to get that tiny key into the lock to which it belonged—this, supposing that I had not previously dropped it into some pool that the storm was sure to have formed under those gloomy, dripping trees. Even supposing I surmounted these many difficulties and had gotten inside the hut, without a lantern or a candle, how was I to find my way in the interior of it?

“Captain Molineaux,” I insinuated, “in view of the lateness of the hour, and my being a stranger here, I think it might be safer if you were to tell me of a hotel or a boarding-house where I can put up for the night.” I think that my friend was a little disappointed at my lack of sportsman-like behavior regarding

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the hut, but he acquiesced without a murmur, and directed me to the "Hillside Inn," a short way down the main street to the right. I thanked him sincerely for all the trouble to which I had put him, and for his real kindness, bade him good-night, and passing out in the darkness, soon found myself well received at the "Hillside Inn." It was a very modest, unassuming establishment, seemingly but little used by guests at that early season. As I entered the hallway I saw to the left a room lighted from above, and a table at which were seated, playing a game of some sort,—cards or checkers,—a very old gentleman and a lady with regular, aquiline features and dark hair. She rose, greeted me most courteously, and soon I had satisfactorily arranged for my entertainment at breakfast in the morning, and my lodgment in a small room in the back part of the house for the night. I was struck with her cultured enunciation and refined manner. The next morning, before I left, she told me that she had been a teacher in a public school in Newark before her marriage.

On entering the inn, the better to pave the way to my admittance at so late an hour, in this country little used to pedestrianism, I remarked that the house had been recommended to me by Captain Molineaux. The next morning at breakfast I was waited upon by a tall, neatly dressed gentleman, evidently the proprietor, with whom I soon got into conversation. In the course of it he asked casually if I was a particular friend of Captain Molineaux. In a word, I explained the latter's kindness to me in directing me to the inn, but said that he was a total stranger to me previously—indeed, that I had never even heard of him before. My host looked relieved, and his face brightened somewhat as he went on to explain the cause of his solicitude as to the possible object of my visit. Some months before,—I judge it was,—a stranger had come to the inn and had remained there some time. His ostensible object was the purchase of a certain piece of real estate, the property of the proprietor. The latter warmed considerably to the deal, and it looked as though it would go through. His guest expressed his

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opinion that a glass of beer was an agreeable relish with a meal, so three or four bottles of the same were given, not sold, to him, the latter being contrary to the law in that town. Thereupon action in the courts was brought against the innkeeper, and the complainant was Captain Molineaux. The struggle was still in process, and he had been put to much distress and expense thereby.

Of course, of all this personal history I was completely ignorant. The gentleman's name which I had used as an introduction favored the belief, in the eyes of the innkeeper, that I was a disguised "spotter," seeking to gain fresh evidence of infringement of the law. I once had a similar, but far worse experience, during a long walk, in trying to gain admittance, late of a Saturday night, in the "Grant House," after a 30-mile walk, in a town of New York State, on the Mohawk River. The clerk had allowed me to register, having told me that he could give me supper and a room, when suddenly he began to address me in the most disrespectful manner possible: "What's that music you have in your bag? To-morrow's Sunday, and the people in this town are orderly and Sabbath-keeping; they won't stand freaks," etc. I naturally took up my traps and sallied forth to find another resting-place and an explanation of such strange behavior. Telling the story of my ill treatment to my new landlord,—a fat and good-natured man who sat with his sleeves rolled up to the elbow in the middle of a lively bar-room,—he looked puzzled for a moment, and then wanted to know whether the clerk was a man who wore his hair "pompadour." Yes, he had gray hair rolling up like a great foaming wave from his forehead. "Oh! he took you for a 'spotter,' coming Saturday night, and disguised in that rig, to get evidence against him of breaking the Raines Sunday Liquor Law. He was afraid to take you." . . .

That day I walked through Plainfield, getting an excellent dinner and two hours' rest, both appreciated, at a first-rate hotel in that town, where I found the proprietor one of the most courteous and considerate of men. He was in sympathy with

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my project, and did all in his power to make my brief sojourn in his house agreeable. That night at 6 o'clock I reached the villa of my good friends, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Titsworth, in the beautiful little suburb of Maplewood, South Orange, N. J. I received from them a hearty welcome. I greatly enjoyed their conversation over matters personal and the great events of the time.

LIKE to think of the peculiar virtues or qualities of character which a long walking journey like this on which I am now engaged calls for, and, indeed, insensibly cultivates; they are hope, patience, and a certain smiling acceptance of whatever the day may bring forth. And the hope and the patience seem always to be rewarded. Certainly it was so that Saturday evening when I reached the modest little villa of my friends, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Titsworth in Maplewood, N. J. I was quite familiar with the general locality of South Orange and its approach,—Springfield,—for I had walked through there on previous years, but of Maplewood, 25 Salter Place, I was entirely ignorant. My friends, the young married couple, with the two little girls, Edith and her younger sister, had but recently moved there.

When I reached Springfield, after miles and miles of trudging over the weary automobile road, with its many familiar objects,—the orphan home, with its imposing façade and attractive shrubbery among others,—my old friend, the thunder-storm, which always comes down upon me in this region, made its appearance and slightly delayed my progress. It was the mildest of its kind, fortunately, and soon was over. Then I had to follow the trolley tracks, making a turn or so and passing through a commonplace Italian district, when I found myself, in the radiant May evening, with green and bloom everywhere, in Maplewood—a sweet, suburban spot at this time of year; small, neat, attractive villas, with gardens around them, mostly lived in, I judge, by young married people, whose men folk do business in New York. Such is the case with Mr. Titsworth, who gave me a very interesting account, the next morning, of his professional work as an advertising agent for *Collier's Weekly*. I listened to that story with deep interest, tinged with melancholy at my own ignorance of so much that is valuable in

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the great business enterprises of the country. And truly, advertising is an art and a science demanding for success keen mind and constant initiative. What nerve and confidence it must require for the representative of this art to enter the presence of a closely occupied business man, who, within the space of five minutes, must be persuaded that it will be to his interest to invest thousands of dollars in one insertion of an advertisement in the columns of a given journal!

I made the acquaintance of Mrs. Titsworth, which ripened into a firm friendship, in an unforeseen and curious manner. Two years ago, on my walking trip north, as I was passing along Ridgewood road through South Orange, I was overtaken by a severe thunder-storm, which made me at once seek shelter. In the long row of detached houses which backed upon the wooded side of the mountains I espied one unoccupied—a dreary-looking place it was. Then my eye caught sight of the house adjoining, on the porch of which stood a young, open-faced, attractive lady. I addressed her with the inquiry as to whether there would be any objection to my getting protection from the storm in the vacant house. "None whatever," was the prompt and decided response; "but why not come in on this porch while the rain lasts?" Most willingly did I accept the invitation. As the rain lasted, my stay was of fully an hour's duration. I found in my hostess, whose direct goodness had made her forget petty conventionalities in her desire to help a fellow-mortal in a dilemma, a rare and noble character, which it has been a privilege to be brought in contact with. Whether as wife, mother, friend, or citizen of our democratic country, this young, intelligent, vigorous woman has seemed to me equally admirable. Her father, although of German birth, has rendered devoted service to the United States during the crisis of the great war, as a military officer in the volunteer force of our army. Her mother is also German born. She herself has been loyal in thought and deed to the country during the war. I was struck, when I first became acquainted with Mrs. Titsworth,—and all subsequent intercourse with her confirmed the impression,—in

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the directness and vigor of her thought, which cut directly through all the sophistries of the Prussian propaganda, and yet it was equally free from that fanatical bitterness and hate which are met with so frequently in women, and even men, who were loyal to our cause through this terrible ordeal. I rejoice in meeting and knowing such balanced, strong characters, where goodness of heart, gentleness, sweetness, tenacity of friendship go hand in hand with clear reasoning.

It was a friendly letter from this lady, written at Easter time, asking me to call at their home if I contemplated the long walk north at this season, which induced me to alter my line of march quite radically so as to take in Maplewood. After I had completed the little visit and found myself walking the four miles from Maplewood, through South Orange to Llewellyn Park, "Holly Oaks," West Orange, the home of Mr. Richard M. Colgate, I concluded that I had acted wisely. External nature is lovely and appealing, but the jewel of which it is the setting is the pure, human spirit. This walk was short but delightful, the first part of it especially, as one passes, in making it, under long avenues of trees and by many charming residences, the homes of the wealthy. Young people in their Sunday best—lovers accepted and prospective—young and old, rich in autos and others on foot, as I was, were out enjoying the day and the fine weather.

At one point, in passing a fire-engine house, I was gaily and enthusiastically assailed by the men of the force for a contribution to the Salvation Army Drive. I succumbed for a small amount, hoping, meanwhile, that I would not be similarly called upon in all the seven States of my journey. Nor have I been since.

I had one momentary picture of the nether world during the fair Sunday afternoon in the passing of two young women dressed in black, with black hair, aquiline noses, and splotches of well-defined vermillion on their cheek bones. One of the two, as they went by, gave out of perfectly steady black eyes a

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vulture stare. But I must be charitable: it may have been due simply to my strange pack and other equipment.

When I reached Llewellyn Park and was about to pass the lodge which protects its sacred shade from unauthorized intrusion, there stood my old friend, the lodge-keeper. He recognized me immediately, and greeted me with smiling cordiality, quite different from his cautious inquiries as to my business when I met him a year ago. He then took me for something closely resembling a German spy. I worked my way slowly up the steep, shady hill, where the beautiful homes of many wealthy New York people are secluded within easy reach of the metropolis, to the first road on the right and the second cottage—or ample house, rather—on the right. I got it correctly this time, full of the pleasantest anticipations of the society of old friends, congenial and cultured, and of rest and comfort. The little Japanese butler who answered the electric bell, a newcomer and hence to me a stranger, regarded me evidently with something of suspicion, and without the faintest relaxation of his Oriental countenance. My host and hostess were out. He granted me admittance, though grudgingly. But the arrival on the scene of one of the tried retainers of the family, an Irish domestic of experience and capacity, who knew me well, set everything straight and put me in possession of a delightful apartment and my forwarded suit-case, and everything that the heart of a wayfarer could desire.

I had a delightful stay until the following Tuesday morning in the charming household. One of its great pleasures consisted of some full and free talks with Mr. Colgate on several of the public questions in the country and in the world that are now up for discussion and settlement. I venture the briefest outline of these. My friend approved strongly the general scheme of a League of Nations for Peace, as aimed at by President Wilson and Mr. Taft. He thought we would get it notwithstanding the opposition in the United States Senate, because the general sentiment of the country was for it. He gave high credit to President Wilson for the sincerity and ability he had shown in

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this endeavor. He thought the very objections of England, France, and Italy to the measure, in certain respects, were credentials to its value. Mr. Colgate thought that the price of commodities would fall, but that wages would remain high. He did not fear the result. His attitude was sympathetic, not only to an eight-hour day for labor, but to the possibility of a six-hour one. The latter he evidently contemplated as a near possibility for employees in the factories of his own firm, where, as he told me, there has been no strike because the advantages enjoyed by the employees were greater than those offered by the union. His ideas seemed to me to be just and liberal. Mr. Colgate is an ardent prohibitionist. He believes that great good will result to society from the adoption, in the nation at large, of this reform.

ON THE morning of May 27th, while still the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Richard M. Colgate, "Holly Oaks," Llewellyn Park, West Orange, I rose at 6.30, finished with my usual exactitude and care the packing of my ruck-sack, in preparation for departure immediately after breakfast. This meal was at 8 o'clock, but I did not get on the road until a little after 9. The weather was warm and fair,—ideal for walking,—and I was in splendid condition of body and mind after refreshment of two days of rest, and the diversion and stimulus of contact and conversation with bright, active minds and spirits fully alive to the great things going on in the world and sturdily doing their part in them to help the right. Mrs. Colgate, as well as her husband, is engaged in many kinds of charitable and public work, and influential for good by trained thought and generous gifts. The night previous to my going Mr. Russell Colgate, a younger brother of my host, had spent the whole evening at "Holly Oaks" discussing with much animation and out of a large experience the interests of boys' clubs in the Oranges. My small contribution to the cause was to make the suggestion that they get into touch with the work done by the Germantown Boys' Parlor, through its superintendent, Charles Bainbridge, and its local organ, *The Weekly News*. This was favorably received.

As I was about to march off with the harness again on my back, Mr. Colgate, full of life and gaiety, notwithstanding the strain and trial of prolonged ill health, insisted on my posing for a snapshot photo, which was duly done in several positions and amid much chatter and laughter. The last farewell said, down the shady road I trod to the opening of the park at the warden's lodge, and then along Park Avenue, a delightful, broad street, tastefully laid out with many fine trees that screened one from the hot sun for miles and miles to Newark. The distance was

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about five miles, until I got well started, through the kindly directions of various policemen, on the road to Jersey City. But before that part of the trip was entered upon, and when I was just approaching Newark, I felt the need of my usual indulgence—somewhere between 10 and 11 o'clock in the morning it comes—of something cool and refreshing. This appetite—harmless, even necessary under the peculiar circumstances I believe it to be—is a natural outgrowth of hard, continuous physical labor and constant tremendous opening of the pores. That which is given out by the body so freely must be supplied. Ice-cream, soda water, root beer, lemonade, almost anything, will do, so that it is cool enough and wet enough. This when I am a tramp abroad on the hot and dusty roads do I. At home the idea of such weakness and indulgence never would enter my head. I found just what I wanted, an attractive drug-store, tended by a good old German woman—excuse the adjective, dear Teutono-phobes; she seemed so to me, for she took a motherly interest in me, saying that ice-cream would not be good for me when I was so heated (they were not supplied with the commodity), so early in the morning, but that I could have a nice cool glass of lemonade. I had it and went on my way rejoicing and blessing her gray hairs and wretched English. I don't believe she had any part in the propaganda of blowing up munition plants.

Finally, after walking many blocks through the poorer quarters of Newark,—Italian, Jewish, Polish children passed interminably,—I came upon the great stretches of meadows, vast, quite flat,—making me think of my young manhood's days on the prairies of Nebraska and Dakota,—that must be crossed in order to reach Jersey City and great New York. I followed the auto road, which the drivers of machines thought a very poor one, but to me it seemed good because it was so easy to the foot-man—no twisting ruts or very uneven surfaces. A new and very interesting situation to find myself tramping across these meadows instead of being carried swiftly, luxuriously, in a railroad train on high trestles, or even in a trolley car at a lower grade. The trolley cars—how they kept coming up out of nowhere,

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with their shrill rattle, and then slipping off into silence, leaving me in undisputed possession of the great pale-green vistas and the waving pampas reeds, the marshes, and the opal distances on all sides, that girdle the horizon. Then in that misty distance were the blue and violet punctuations of the tall chimneys and churches and buildings of the cities toward which I was moving; the vehicles of transportation,—railway trains, trolleys, autos,—swiftly, I at a snail's pace, pack-laden. The cities were the magnets that drew us all, whether we went by ancient and primitive methods like mine, or with the fastest that modern invention could offer.

I fell in with two young men, separated they were, traveling on foot in the same direction with myself. One was a young Jew, of citified attire, who carried no pack and probably had to walk. I had no talk with him. The other seemed to be an Italian, judging from his broken English speech. He joined me and was very curious to know all about me. My distant objective point—a lake in far-off New England—stupefied him. Why would any sensible man walk if he could afford to ride? I do not think I at all made it clear to him that there could be any fun in the operation or that health and instruction could be drawn out of road tramping. But finally I drew away from him, as my pace was slightly quicker than his, and I saw him no more.

But even the snail at last reaches his objective, and I found myself getting well into Jersey City. It was about 1 o'clock, and I was in need of something that might be an equivalent for the word "dinner." Yes, I was very hungry and pleasantly hot, though not at all feverish. I came upon a decent-looking German lager beer saloon or restaurant, the outer part of which a foreign-looking man was industriously washing with water from a bucket and a mop. I asked him if hot food could there be obtained and whether a person of my humble quality would be welcome. Both questions were answered in the affirmative, and a feeling of peace and rest came over me as, pulling back the swinging door, I found myself in a large, cool dining-room. No

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bar was visible, but many little vacant tables, with chairs for guests, were scattered about. Only one or two of them were occupied by men eating their hot midday lunch. As I proceeded to free myself of 24 pounds of pack, blankets, extra shoes, umbrella, and Boy Scout kit, seating myself at one of the empty tables, I heard one of these dining men say to another in a clear, but not unduly loud tone, "What the American people, with their fancy cocktails and violent drinks, need to learn is moderation and reason, by education and not by prohibition. A glass of beer with food hurts no one."

I got my dinner and two glasses of beer—cold and sparkling—with it. I have had many a more costly, ostensibly many a better one, but never a dinner that I needed more or that seemed to me better. It was the same way with the two glasses of beer. I could detect no more alcohol in them than in the bottles of "near beer" that I got from the Italian wayside store that helped my lunch that other hot midday on the road to New Brunswick. Mutton and boiled potatoes and canned corn—that was the dinner, and I paid only 60 cents for food and potations. I had walked 11 miles before that meal, which shall never lose its place among my memories of very simple and delectable things, and after it I walked nearly 11 more, when I reached the apartments of my daughter, on the fourteenth floor of the corner of Lexington Avenue and 72d Street, New York, for my pedometer registered more than 20 miles done that day.

The afternoon walk was delightful, and gloriously contrasted, by its course along the heights of Hoboken, where the great plain that had been traversed in the morning was blue and faint for many miles to the westward, with the earlier lowlands. The long boulevard that I followed for a good five miles, I judge, to the Weehawken Ferry at 42d Street, permitted at times these inspiring vistas. Then came the long descent to the ferry dock, and then the view of well-known high buildings of New York beyond. That ferry-boat was the only conveyance of any kind indulged in during the whole walk; and on this day that I now tell of I marched every step of the way until I entered the door-

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way of the fine apartment house that completed the journey. In the great city, with its wealth and crowds and vastness, the pedestrian's bronzed face and burdens attracted less attention than they had done in rural localities or small towns. But my challenge came at the very end. However, I was able to meet it triumphantly. A new seneschal guarded the portal of No. 125 East 72d St.,—one who had never seen me before,—and when I told him that I sought the apartments, on the fourteenth floor, of Mrs. A. C. Imbrie, he asked me quizzically, “And what do you expect to do when you get up there?” I turned, looked him full in the eye, and said: “I am Mrs. Imbrie’s father.” He made no further objection, and in a moment I was wafted in the elevator to pure and cleansing cold water, and views at evening and early morning—the Brooklyn Bridge on the right, the Palisades on the left, and the varied architecture of the city between, in precisely such simplicity and grandeur of effect as the English Turner first and most completely brought into the field of art. But who can so well enjoy such heights and such beauty as the man who has climbed from the low places of the earth to attain them?

MY OBJECT in going to a great city like New York on a pedestrian trip such as I had undertaken was to see two persons with whom I was closely connected in two separate and equally important branches of public work—the negro question in America, and that of German democracy, which affects both sides of the Atlantic, and, indeed, seas and continents bigger still. The first of these, Miss Florence L. Lattimore, is an able, energetic, and most unselfish woman, who touches the negro matter through her connection with the Manassas Industrial School, which does its fine and silent work on the old battleground of Bull Run. There I had spent a glorious week at the close of last April, studying conditions. Mr. Julius Koettgen, German born, British subject, and now loyal American and most effective worker for Wilson-Taft policies in reconstruction and world peace, was the second of my objectives. That was in the line of German democracy. I was still doubtful in my mind about taking New York city into the schedule at all. I had strong leanings for following the more picturesque course through northern New Jersey to Newburg and the Hudson, as I had done in previous years. In that event I should have crossed the river on a ferry-boat (my only relapse to artificial means of locomotion throughout the trip was at Weehawken later), and the mountains back of Beacon on foot, striking out for Waterbury, where I had a special object of attraction, mention of which in a later letter may please my readers.

By means of that marvelous instrument of communication, the telephone, and the kindness of my hostess at Holly Oaks, Mrs. Colgate, I learned that Miss Lattimore would be in the city and able to see me on just one day,—Wednesday, the 28th,—for on Thursday she would be obliged to start South to attend the commencement exercises at Manassas. This was in-

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deed a happy chance, if chance it should be called, for the single day at my convenient disposal was the only one which my friend could have given me. Miss Lattimore very hospitably invited me to meet her for lunch at the "Pencil and Brush Club," 134 West 19th Street, an attractive, quiet center for women of artistic and literary profession and tastes, somewhat apart from, but within easy reach of, the business activities of the great city. The weather was bright and very warm. The windows of the little restaurant looked out upon a diminutive garden in the rear of the building,—which is a converted dwelling-house,—pleasing in aspect, with its clambering vines and flowers, as are the walls within with color studies in oils of landscapes and heads.

The present status and the interests of the Manassas school, in its bearings upon the negro question, which is now becoming acute in this country as an outcome of the great war, formed a large part of our animated conversation during the lunch hour, and for a brief space afterward; the rest of it was given up to psychic research, of which my friend knows much. This line of inquiry, as I believe, is destined to exercise a strong and beneficent influence on the thought of men in the near future, leading them away from the gross materialism and toward a more spiritual and friendly view of life. But of this latter subject I have nothing now to say. I want only to speak briefly of Manassas, of which Miss Lattimore, acting under Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard, to whom the school owes very nearly its existence, is a devoted and inspiring representative. She and Miss Lindsay Cooper, a young southern woman of the best social connections, having tact, progressive ideas, and great enthusiasm, who made Manassas a reality to me in Philadelphia last autumn, are the two brilliant, whole-hearted representatives of the school's work. To either of them, wise persons, whether they be men or women, may as well promptly capitulate. To them time and trouble will thereby be saved, since complete surrender sooner or later must come. This is the way my interest in Manassas at the time referred to came to be aroused.

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Miss Cooper called upon me in the office of the Indian Rights Association, bringing a letter of introduction from Mr. Villard, whom I have known for some thirty years and with whom I was very closely associated nearly twenty years ago in the anti-Imperialist movement. That was at the time of the Philippine adventure into which this country, forgetting for the moment its own historic creed about just governments deriving their authority from the consent of the governed, was betrayed. Miss Cooper came to ask my help in getting support for the Manassas school, accompanied by a lady of pleasing address and appearance, whom she introduced as Mrs. Williams, the dean of the school. The latter had a face of marked intelligence, handsome aquiline features, a clear eye, a smile so kindly and frank as to produce at once a favorable impression. Mrs. Williams' complexion is dark, her hair jet black, but her features suggested rather Indian than negro blood. I then told Miss Cooper that I would do what I could to aid her in her work for Manassas; that I could give nothing in the way of money that would be worth considering, but that during the coming spring, if she wished it, I would give up a week to visit and study the school. In order to do that to the best advantage while I was there, following my habit as an artist, I would make each day drawings of the heads of scholars and teachers who might be willing to sit for me. It was carried out to the letter. The impressions created on my mind by that visit, made in the first loveliness of an Old Dominion spring, were of the most vivid and hopeful kind. I caught glimpses of the genius of the African people, struggling for expression and recognition through its recognized elements of weakness, that was a harbinger of what its sons and daughters shall attain to at no very distant day, if we of the more highly developed and dominant race have but the wisdom at this juncture to act sympathetically—to remember that many of the irritating shortcomings of the negro, concerning which northern whites are often severer judges than the southern, are not inherent in the black man's nature, but are rather the marks of any undeveloped people, and will pass away with

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time and the influence of true education of the deep Hampton type—Armstrong, Booker Washington, and Frissell are the names now to conjure with.

The music of the negro, which touches the universal human heart and softens the asperity of the bitterest and most bigoted opponent of the race, points out the way to wise action on the part of all men and women of good will who would truly solve this knotty problem. This peculiar gift of the African, which is his offering to the world,—rich, pathetic, delicate, telling of light shining in darkness, of hope conquering despair, of latent will patient in suffering and determined to find a path to some unknown good through a trackless wilderness,—suggests a key to unlock the seeming impossibility of reconciliation of the American negro's aspirations, after what he has done to help win the war for democracy, with our notions as to what it may suit our interests to concede to him. No one with the slightest imagination or receptivity to spiritual impressions could have listened to the music of male and female negro voices which I heard in the chapel at Manassas the first April night of my arrival there—the most moving, the most seraphic I have ever listened to from the throat of any race, cultured or half-developed—without experiencing a rush of conviction that somewhere in that race was more than the wisest of us had given it credit for. It is “a power girt round with weakness,” as Shelley sang of himself in his immortal Adonais,—and to get the power out of it, not in destructive geyser-like revolution, but in beautiful beneficent evolution, let this country make Manassas strong to do its work. Make the wise dream of Jenny Dean, its unlettered negress founder, come true. On the very field where Confederate and Federal fought, agonized, bled, and died, half a century ago, create a new Army of Northern Virginia, composed of northerner and southerner joined together in loving fellowship to fight and slay, not each other, but the common foe—ignorance, vice, false ambition, sectional and racial hatred, and to bring in under the great names of Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Samuel Chapman Armstrong, for black man and

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white man alike, the chief corner-stone of civilization that many builders, wise in their own eyes, have long rejected—the “Christ that is to be.” . . .

That afternoon I ended a most enjoyable day and got myself into shape for the long march that awaited me on the next one, by accepting my friend Julius Koettgen’s invitation to meet him at the rooms of the American Friends of German Democracy, No. 6 West 48th Street, talk about things there for an hour, and then step around with Dr. Frank Bohn and himself to dine together, *en famille*, at the delightful little French restaurant, Eugenie’s, which is within five minutes’ stroll of the office. A happy hour we passed together talking over the chances for a true and lasting democracy in “the Fatherland” which would help to heal the deep wounds of the war, freeing Germany from the old curse of Prussianism and from the new one of Bolshevism. We thoroughly enjoyed in our mortal bodies the excellent table d’hôte dinner, with its garniture of red wine, so reminiscent of my old student days in *la belle France*, and of a delectable walking trip I once took there way back in 1873—Melun, Fontainebleau, Montereau, Dijon—Hail and farewell!

NEW YORK CITY

ON THE morning of Thursday, May 29th, I rose at 6.30, after a good night's rest, from my comfortable bed in the fascinating rooms of my son-in-law, Andrew C. Imbrie, on the fourteenth floor of the large new apartment house on 72d Street. It is at the corner of that thoroughfare and Lexington Avenue. The place is to me "fascinating" because of the view which it commands of that part of the great city eastward and westward, and the sense of space which this prospect carries to the mind of the beholder, particularly in the early morning and at sunsetting, when there is apt to be a fine effect of color and cloud forms in the expanse of sky above the city as the light of the sun grows in power or decreases to extinction. It is just the kind of thing which would have excited the imagination of Turner—as the gorgeous performance of the same sun did over the Thames at Chelsea in the closing days of the great Impressionist's career.

Before taking a late, and to me leisurely, breakfast with "Andy," who treats my discursive garrulity at that meal with urbane patience, I packed my bag and arranged the other articles of march with the utmost care, having an eye to that comfort on a foot-journey which exact balance secures. Before the meal I wrote a letter or so with a peaceful sense of having no occasion to hurry—a state of mind quite impossible to me, at least, if the prospect I faced were the catching of a train rather than that of walking up Park Avenue and for miles and miles after that into the unknown world with nothing but "shanks' mare" to rely upon in the way of transportation. I have often tried to account for the mental peace which has been the invariable accompanient of a trip of this kind, but having failed, I have now given up the attempt. I still note the fact for the benefit of some who may be tempted to try the experiment—

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just as a break in the routine of steam-car, auto, or aëroplane travel.

I had a nice little chat in French with Laura, the cook, waitress, and maid-of-all-work, before I actually got under way—which was precisely at 9.20. Farewell also was said to the elevator girl, who wondered how any one could walk such distances so burdened, and who, poor thing! according to her own account, seemed to have no time even for recreation, so long were her hours, let alone walking or outdoor sports of that kind—a word in parting to the noble-looking concierge, and I was out once more under God's sky and free to go whither I would—no man hindering me so long as I behaved myself.

The day was most beautiful and fresh enough to be exhilarating, even at that late hour, and completely rested by the time spent in the city and the pleasant diversion of other occupations, I moved up Park Avenue at a fair pace and with great enjoyment by sight of the handsome dwellings which I passed for a long time by the way, and the varied and interesting sights that greeted me as I went along. Presently the more rich and stately surroundings fell behind and I entered a region of poorer houses, poorer shops—which seemed to be possessed mainly by prolific Jewish families. How interesting they were, with their marked racial features, complexional tints, and the shrill tones of their voices!—a clothes-dealer or huckster bargaining with a customer; a mother at a doorway warning her brood of children to beware of the danger of swiftly moving auto-trucks as they poured out on the highway. Finally the road sank to a lower level, with the high poor tenement dwellings and shops on the right, and on the left were the massive stone buttresses which supported the many steel tracks of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. Train after train—a never-ending stream—rolled by, while poor I proceeded at a snail's pace, yet happy and careless of the future. I walked up to 130th Street and crossed the bridge at Third Avenue to Bronx Park, and then took the Fordham road.

In the bright, hot sunshine, a warm wind blowing, I passed

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great buildings which must have been public schools, out of which troops of children, boys and girls of varying ages, issued, apparently going to their homes for the midday meal. I judged them to be Italians from the prevalence among them of black hair, dark complexions, and their cast of features. All this wave of young life through which I found myself passing was most interesting, suggestive, hopeful. Impressions of a cheerful, novel kind were coming in on me from every side, while I, happily for me, attracted but little attention—scarcely more than a passing glance from some child, who, no doubt, wondered to see a man with a pack on his back, and blanket, shoes, and kit slung over his shoulder.

At last all the built-up parts of the city were distanced, and I found myself at high noon and after it on the great automobile highway that led northward by the salt water of the sound, through the well-known towns and cities that we are so familiar with in railroad travel to Boston: Mamaroneck, Norwalk, Bridgeport, Stamford, New Haven. The main road, shaded by long lines of beautiful trees, very smooth and hard, was in the center. Then on either side ran a narrower road, also well shaded. The heat was great, but a fine breeze blew. It was after 1 o'clock and I grew hungry. Where could a place for lunch be found, I began to ask myself. Then I met a workman of an intelligent type and pleasant tempered who, upon my inquiry, pointed out an attractive looking auto restaurant off to the right. He warned me, however, of its high prices, and advised getting only a sandwich if I did not want to be charged exorbitantly. I found that my friend's caution was not misplaced. I went in and divested myself of my pack, rejoicing in the cool, attractive dining-room,—like a conservatory it was, with many green and graceful plants disposed charmingly,—trim waiters flitting about serving the guests, who at that hour of the day were few in number. I carefully examined the bill of fare and ordered the least expensive dish that it offered—macaroni au gratin, bread and butter, and—I beg the pardon of all prohibitionist friends—a bottle of Budweiser beer. I par-

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took of my simple repast slowly, making each mouthful go as far as possible, dedicating it to the work of carrying me far on the afternoon's journey. The beer, how good it was! cold, sparkling, invigorating, and in my case certainly as completely non-intoxicating as though it had been the purest milk—stickless absolutely!

The afternoon's walk was lovely, notwithstanding the long flat road and the commonplace surroundings, for there were ancient trees overhead and all around, and under their broad branches and around their great trunks came in cool puffs wind that had blown over the sea. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, having more than once quenched my thirst with soft drinks at roadside booths, I came upon a likely place for a real rest, a sleep, or something near to that. Through a deep grove at the right of the highway a narrow lane ran down almost to the edge of the sea-water. Perhaps it did go quite to the edge, and I am inclined to think so from the fact that I saw several launches and pleasure-boats moored in the little harbor a hundred yards or more beyond where I stopped for my afternoon's rest. It was a spot well suited to such recreation—only a short distance from the highway, but enough quite to escape the dust and noise, and with promise, which was fulfilled during my brief stay, of immunity from any intrusion on the part of the owners or of vagrants like myself. The back was eased of its heavy burden, the feet, more or less swollen and chafed by much marching, were freed from shoes and stockings; blanket unpacked was unbound to form a resting-place on the earth reasonably soft and quite protected from damp. A delightful hour and a half of complete relaxation, stretched out on one's back at full length, followed, with eyes, when not closed in actual sleep, watching idly the flitting-by of summer clouds across the pale blue sky, or the branches of the grove hard by, flickering endlessly in the breeze, which, fortunately,—so hot it was,—never for a moment rested, or better still, the salt water shimmering so close at hand where the boats lay at anchor, and stretched out to the eastern horizon. Who knows bliss so simple, so satisfying, so

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easily attainable, to be had without money, and only by seeking—as the long-distance walker?

Soon all that I had was packed up and appropriately slung, and I was again on the road to Mamaroneck mile after mile. I had chosen the most commonplace, the least romantic, of routes, many will object—quite inferior to that taken last year through the Water Gap, after 30 miles of lovely canal scenery between New Hope and Easton had been covered, evoking memories of Holland, and Milford lying between the Delaware and the water-falls of wild Pike County. It is quite true; and the point is well taken. But there are an interest and a delight in this flat, familiar, long-built-up region which compensated in many ways for the bold picturesqueness that it lacked.

My diary for that day, May 29th, reveals the fact that the heat was trying, and that, measured by my pedometer, I walked 22 miles. Mamaroneck was my objective as a resting-place for the night, and there I finally got and rested splendidly at the proper time, but before that goodly period was entered upon I had many weary miles to walk. I think there were still six of them to be trodden under foot when I felt powerfully the need of something to eat and to drink. Then it so chanced that I came to a cheap eating-place, used mostly by workingmen, which stood at the left side of the road. It was so hot and uninviting when I got into it—the kitchen being in full blast and quite open at the back of the room—that I almost wished I had gone farther and found a better place. But it served its purpose well, and helped nicely, by its solid food of noticeable cheapness, to balance the luxury with slight staying quality of the auto hotel at lunch time. Beefsteak, bread and butter, fried potatoes, with a glass of beer and some coffee, proved wonderful restoratives. It made the afternoon supper pre-bath-and-cosy-bed walk seem like nothing.

It must have been about 8 o'clock—by daylight-saving time—when I walked up the broad main street, I think it was, of Mamaroneck, but everything looked bright and clear as though it were noon. I went to one of the hotels that a passerby had

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recommended to me, but to my chagrin it was filled completely with guests, so the landlord told me. Just before I got to that place I was smilingly accosted by a young negro of pleasing countenance. He said that to see my dress and pack made him think of the kind of life he had lately led over in France—he was, of course, a returned soldier, and had just come home. He wished he had a place where he could lodge me that night, but this being out of the question, he told me of a hotel by the railway station in case I could not get a room at the first and better one. There I went, and there I got a fair room while the trains thundered by, so close was it to the station, the one window of which looked out above the station's roof on the western sky, which was still bright and golden from the sun, but a short while ago set.

The landlord was kind and accommodating, apologizing as he showed me to my room for the impossibility of getting supper there (of that I had no need) or breakfast the next morning, owing to the absence of the cook. I did not care, being quite content with a cold bath for legs swollen with the heat and marching and feet more blistered than was pleasant. But it made no matter—a complete victory was won over such obstacles by massage and the cold water. And the rest after toil—sweet rest and dreamless sleep until dawn and after it.

THE weather was quite fair and very warm on the morning of Friday, May 30th, as I opened my eyes to the dawn, after a peaceful night's rest on a bed that was springy, cool, and comfortable, in that unpretending room, with its rickety furniture, its two small windows with tumble-down green canvas shades, that opened on the Mamaroneck railway station, standing almost within hand's-reach of the hotel. It all seemed very lovely just to lie still in the first early light, quiescent, placid, looking at every article that my ruck-sack had contained, or that had clothed my now-rested body, as they hung in artistically balanced festoons, pallid, ghost-like, or brown and earth-like, as the case might be. I hang things that way or dispose of them on chairs, bureau, or clothes-hook, partly to gratify a sense of order of belated development, and partly, especially on a long walk, that they may be wholly dried and ready for use on the ensuing day. It pays certainly to study details in this way which have a bearing on the success of the general plans. On this particular May morning—the day proved, later on, to be very hot indeed—the satisfaction which controlled my first waking thoughts lessened a little with the remembrance that stole into consciousness of what the landlord had told me the night before, that no breakfast—on account of an absent cook—was to be had the next morning in that house. I like to get breakfast near to where I wake. However, I didn't mind this much, but after dressing, packing up my effects, and paying my bill,—a small one,—I started off to search for a café, or some place where a light meal could be had. I found it not far away, in one of those perambulating restaurants that resemble street-cars that have been degraded from their original and the power of aught but very occasional movement, annual or biennial, when the patronage of one locality has declined and they must be trundled to test fortune in

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another. These are most patronized by street-car conductors and drivers. But mine did very well, being cheerful and bright in the intense brilliancy of a May morning. It was very clean, and the few things provided in the way of food were palatable and wholesome. The only serious drawback to this wheel lunch-room, with its high stools, its horseshoe counter, and very narrow, circumambient aisle, was in the latter the presence of a small but highly vituperative dog. He barked and barked, evidently at me, in tones so shrill and continuous—moving backward and forward half his length in a way that was calculated to lessen the pleasure of any one. Presently the mistress of the place rebuked him sharply for his ill manners and whisked him away in her arms to an unseen part of the café.

It was at 8.30 o'clock of this bright, beautiful May morning, having finished my wholesome and pleasant breakfast, that I found myself again on the broad business street of the town, which a little below the lunch-car joined the old stage route to Boston, along which my path lay. At a leisurely, easy gait I held my way, enjoying every moment of the early morning advance along the ancient highway that showed many evidences of a past age in comfortable—even stately—houses, with their great canopy of overhanging green leaves, supported by strong, splendidly developed tree-trunks of varied species. Nevertheless, I was somewhat tired and slightly foot-sore. But not enough to interfere either with the pleasure of the journey or my efficiency. When I had made about four miles on my way to Stamford I felt like getting a little rest and refreshment. This was when I was at a turn in the road, and just where quite a steep hill fell to a level space at the bottom. To the right stood a neat villa, shaded by maple trees, and under them a stretch of grassy sward. This belonged to a negro family, evidently quite well-to-do and of the better class, as was plain from the presence on the porch of a young colored mother, a small child toddling about, and a child's maid of the same race. I asked if they could give me some milk to drink, and if I might rest under the trees in this pleasant spot while I drank it. They

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were affable and hospitable and granted my request, supplying me with as much milk as I could drink, and water, too—for I needed both. The young colored girl who obligingly served me told me that she had a sister who was a student at the well-known Friends' Training School, under the superintendency of Dr. Pinckney Hill (colored), at Cheyney, near Philadelphia. This interested me greatly, and I told my young friend that it was only a month past that I had heard Dr. Hill give an eloquent, inspiring address at the Manassas Industrial School in Virginia, near Washington, to the students there, and that I had myself, some years back, spoken at Cheyney during the graduating exercises, and that I had a high opinion of its work. It was a pleasant thing to come thus unexpectedly upon this evidence of the good influence of the work done by the Society of Friends for the negro race. This unexpected association with Cheyney School took me back in memory to another interesting negro center of light and learning,—Manassas,—where in the past month of April I had passed a delightful week, during which I had heard a stirring address from Dr. Pinckney Hill on the prospects and opportunities of his race.

This being Decoration Day, great numbers of automobiles, filled with pleasure-seekers and excursionists of all sorts, were abroad enjoying the open air and lovely weather. So numerous were they that I marched with great circumspection, sometimes on the right-hand side of the road and sometimes on the left, keeping my place exactly, so as to avoid being struck by the swiftest and least wary of them. But I have no complaint whatever to make of their treatment of me on that fair day of national memories, tinged as it was with melancholy freshened to poignancy by the losses of the newer war just closed. But all day long there was no break in the stream of these vehicles. I think, on the whole, that I preferred walking on the left side of the road, where I could see them coming even though it often involved my getting off the smooth asphalt into a sandy or rough place to let them pass.

I reached Stamford at 2.30 in the afternoon, dining most

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comfortably in the “Davenport”—apparently the best hotel in the place. How delightful after the heat and dust of the long morning walk to find oneself in the cool, spacious dining-room, after being fairly well washed and put to rights, partaking of a good dinner and a glass of cool beer, amid a goodly company of wayfarers—though of different order—like myself!

About 4 in the afternoon I started out again, reaching Norwalk at 8 o'clock that night. I went to the Norwalk House, an excellent hotel, though, strange to tell, they had ceased to furnish regular meals there. I was given room No. 1, a large front room on the second floor, most attractive and airy, with four windows—two on the front under the old-time Greek column portico, and two on the side. The wall-paper and furnishing of this apartment were light and attractive. I had also the luxurious use of plenty of cold water in a bath-room far off in the rear of the house, which was a great comfort after the heat and exertion of the day; and then, to end up with no supper,—which the house did not afford,—but two bottles of iced ginger ale and crackers to give a little solidity and balance of dryness.

My pedometer at Norwalk recorded 25 miles' walk that day from Mamaroneck, but the auto map said 22. I should prefer to believe the pedometer, because, I suppose, it testified in my favor. My readers can give judgment on whichever side it suits them.

On Saturday morning, May 31st, I rose late, after a good night's rest—it gives me pleasure to think of it now in late and chill October—7.45 o'clock. Before starting on the day's journey I got, from the Norwalk Post Office, a beautiful Decoration Day letter from a young friend at home, and had time to write one in the French tongue to a friend abroad of similar sex, and living in the far-off Cottian Alps. I got, also, a very inexpensive breakfast in a neighboring café, and being duly packed up, I was en route by 10 o'clock of the morning. Then I made a funny but, as it turned out, fortunate mistake. There are many auto highways leading out of Norwalk, broad, elm-shaded, doubled tracked for trolleys many of them, and looking

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so alike, at least to me, a stranger, that I took the wrong one, until an inquiry made of a friendly male native, well on in years, showed me my mistake. But this was not until I had gone nearly a mile in the wrong direction. The rough and kindly old man who turned my erring feet around in the right direction seemed to feel it a sort of personal grievance that I had been so foolish, swore a good-natured oath or so, while I retraced my steps along the beautifully shaded roads. I say the mistake was fortunate, for when I was about half way back to the junction where I had missed my way, I espied on the far side of the road a hewn stone with an inscription on it which evidently recorded some historic event. I went over to it and learned from the inscription that it was on the little wooded hill that rose abruptly from it in July, 1779, that Sir William Tryon, Commander of the British forces, watched the burning of Norwalk, under his orders, by the troops of his command. Then was I thankful for the error I had made about my course, for had I gone aright at the beginning of this day's journey I should never have seen this testimony to the ruthlessness of war, which it would seem, at this particular time in the world's history, when we are tempted to charge all its cruelty to one or two races of men, we ought to be reminded, for the sake of balance and justice, our own as well may be guilty of.

I passed another historic stone that afternoon which interested me as much as did this one. It was at Fairfield, also on the right-hand side of the road, and by a piece of swampy land that was still wooded and desolate. It showed where the Pequot war ended by the defeat of the Indian tribe of that name July 13, 1637, at the hands of the English settlers.

At Westport I got that day a most appetizing and excellent lunch at a little garage and auto restaurant, but of which the prices seemed to me very large,—I avoid the use of the word “extortionate,”—maintained, I was told, by two young gentlemen and served by the daintiest of Japanese waiters. The meal cost me \$2.00. I partook of it on a little open-air balcony, with the beautiful sunny country all around. The little house made

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me think of a Swiss chalet, with its characteristic balconies. But looking back on this incident, and the expense of which, at the moment, amazed me, over the softening mist of intervening time, I do not regret that large outlay one particle, for at a little table next to me at the left sat a very charming young man and two nice boys who, I presume, were his pupils. He was, as he told me, a Mr. Lewis, and a Virginian by birth—and that was evident from his agreeable southern speech and beautiful manners; he had lived in New York during the winter, but was spending the vacation weeks at a neighboring summer resort on the Sound. Our brief pleasant intercourse revealed the fact that we had many acquaintances in common in Philadelphia—he was related, he told me, to the Coxes, of South Carolinian connection. Parting from him shortly after lunch, I kept on my way, to lodge that night in Bridgeport at a hotel which, to my frugal mind, was at the height of pedestrian luxury—the “Strathfield.” My room there alone cost me \$2.75, but the bath, space, prospect, and comfort, including peaceful sylvan outlook from the two windows at the rear, made it seem not too expensive.

But before I got there I had two curious little adventures. The first of them was when I was about three miles out from the center of Bridgeport, and as I was walking through the broad, shady street of an outlying town. A man approached me, coming from the opposite direction, whose open, pleasant face and square-set athletic figure reminded me somewhat of the late General S. C. Armstrong, the famous founder of Hampton Institute. As he got quite near his face was wreathed in a welcoming smile, which seemed to say that he had found again an old and dear friend. I welcomed the greeting, but was puzzled a little by it. In a moment a kindly arm was about my shoulder, and he was recounting experiences in South America, California, and Florida, in which, by industry, he made small sums that paid his way from place to place. As he had a slight foreign accent, I inquired if he was Spanish. “No,” he said, “I am a Swede by birth, and now a naturalized citizen of the

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United States." He showed me a card of membership in an automobile club. I was an entire stranger to whom his heart went out affectionately because my tramping equipment reminded him of past scenes that he cared for. This pleased me, but as time was passing, I had to break away from him to reach my destination in time. He took the parting, though it seemed somewhat abrupt, with perfect good humor, and he went on his way with the same pleasant smile with which he met me.

A little later, and when I was well into the center of Bridgeport, after I said farewell to a traffic policeman and a bevy of small children in a park who had taken much interest in the details of those dress re-adjustments that I make on entering a large place, I met another man who seemed equally well disposed toward the wanderer. He was a young man who called me "brother," and who really put himself to considerable trouble to show me the way to my hotel. He told me that he was an "Elk," and wanted to know if I belonged to that organization. I was obliged to answer "no," but had I been, I really believe he would have asked me to stay with him. Such evidences of disinterested and unsolicited kindness are good to meet with. Twenty miles was the record of this Saturday, and delightful were the rest and refreshment that followed.

AS I take up my pen to jot down impressions of my long walk of last May and June, I find myself on the eve of a similar venture, about to be made over almost the same route, but with added responsibilities, in view of the fact that this season it is not my intention to go alone, but with several young persons of the opposite sex under my care, whom I have already begun to train to appreciate the physical and moral benefits of pedestrianism. My story from this point on of the walk of 1919 is written from the pages of my diary of that year, and from a memory of the events of those bright days which appear to me to be as vivid and reliable as though done at this time. I hope it may prove the same to my readers, should I be so fortunate as to find them.

On Sunday morning, June 1st, having passed the night in Bridgeport, Conn., I rose at 6.30. The weather was fair and warm—very inviting for a day's tramp. I packed my bag slowly, and with a certain sense of luxury in having plenty of time to make the best disposition possible of every article, both as to balance in weight and facility in finding them again when the next town—which in this instance happened to be New Haven—was reached. I breakfasted at the indolent hour of 8—the same at which I am obliged, for domestic peace's sake, to do at home; being of a material disposition, this is much against my will. I paid the bill of \$2.75 for my room and sauntered upon my way. This led through the usual long stretch of outskirts belonging to all large towns or cities. I do not at all dislike them, and they assume quite a friendly attitude toward me, with their motley population of Italians, Scandinavians, Greeks, Teutons, and other nationalities. My feelings also have become pleasantly blunted to the conspicuousness of a peddler-like transit through decorous processions of finely attired churchgoers on a bright Sunday morning. My usual concession to pious cus-

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tom is to wear some kind of sober-tinted gloves until I have reached green fields, where the tintinnabulation of church bells has grown faint.

The weather on this particular Sunday was warm,—indeed, very warm it became later in the day,—but it was not oppressive in the morning, as the sky was somewhat overcast. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon I got hungry and felt the need of a substantial meal. Stopping at a small hotel, where I had fair entertainment at the cost of one dollar, I confirmed the memory of a charming village prospect, had from the dining-room window, by making a lead-pencil sketch of it on a sheet of note paper. This took about twenty minutes. Then followed a siesta under a well-chosen apple tree in a little orchard which lay back of the house, but sufficiently secluded to permit the unrolling of my blanket in the long, green grass. There I lay and drowsed as the sun's rays, passing through in spots, warmed me up among the nineties healthily, while bees and yellow jackets sang menacingly, but harmlessly, as they drew honey from surrounding clover blossoms—the bees did so, at any rate, but I may have slipped up about the yellow jackets.

I did not get on the road again until 4 o'clock, nor did I reach my destination—the lovely home of my friend, Christian scholar, and perfect gentleman, Rev. Dr. Benjamin W. Bacon—until 7 o'clock that night. I thought I never would be done with the outskirts of New Haven, though for hours it seemed to me I was cheered and fascinated with the spires and domes of the city seen through the tender violet haze of the summer evening. Then I lost considerable time through my usual indulgence—upon entering a town or city on one of these long walks during hot weather—in ice-cream or soda-water. This I found most refreshing after the great heat of the day. But from that suburban drug-store, where for a time my back was eased of its burden and I forgot the fatigues of the long afternoon, it must have been two or three miles, possibly more, to Dr. Bacon's home. I got down to the central part of the city, so familiar to me in the old days when I often had visited it to make ad-

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dresses in advocacy of the Indian in Rev. Dr. Newman Smythe's church, for Rev. Dr. Theodore Munger, or, through the kindness of Professor Henry W. Farnam, to certain of the students of Yale. In one of the Episcopal churches, also, I recalled an occasion on which I made an Indian address in company with that valiant hero of the cause, the late Bishop Hare, when, notwithstanding the fact that it was January, during the time of our performance thunder and lightning accompanied a heavy fall of rain. Different, indeed, were appearances and conditions on this hot summer evening as, heavyladen, I tramped through the scholarly city. The large and ancient public square, which used to be shaded by great numbers of splendid elm trees, was strangely and sadly changed from the days of my knowledge of it. Most of them had disappeared,—destroyed by some blight or pest, I understand,—so that it looked very bare and almost unrecognizable in the light, still clear, of the late summer afternoon. Surely I must be close to Edwards Street and near my destination when I had passed the Common and the post-office. It seemed to me that the blocks would never end which must be traversed until I arrived. Finally, after crossing some five or six streets beyond the limits of the Common, and when it was quite 8 o'clock, the joyful word was with difficulty deciphered on the sign-post, and after a few moments of uncertainty and on inquiry from a kindly neighbor, I found myself at 244. Dr. Bacon, the learned, the brilliant, the ever-smiling, himself answered my summons with the most cordial of welcomes. First a bath for the heated, the drenched wayfarer, after that supper, and then delightful conversation in the family circle until bed-time—and at last—Nirvana!

* * *

My stay in New Haven as the guest of Rev. Dr. Benjamin W. Bacon was to me the acme of intellectual and spiritual interest of the whole trip. Dr. Bacon, may I say to those who do not know him, is a man of brilliant mind and profound scholarship. He is widely traveled, the descendant of a distinguished New England family, and being of warm and sympathetic tempera-

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ment, is naturally a charming host. Then, also, the place of his residence was a center of marked interest to me from the fact that Yale College is there, and connected with the college is a small but choice art gallery.

On the morning of June 2d I rose at 7 o'clock to find clear and extremely warm weather. Immediately after breakfast I went with Dr. Bacon to inspect the college buildings, and then to attend the graduating exercises of the Yale School of Religion. These were held in the chapel. What I saw and heard there awakened my enthusiasm to a burning point. The evidences of manly mental vigor, of deep scholarship, of zeal for the personal Christ as the saving force in modern life, and throughout every quarter of the globe, appeared in full force in that little company of professors and students—some of the latter so soon to separate, hailing even from distant India. There were admirable addresses made by the young men of the graduating class, one of which, an East Indian, was on personality; another student spoke on faith and the art of getting hold of returned soldiers for active Christian work. These addresses showed how strongly the war and the questions growing out of it had influenced thought in these classic and theologic shades. A splendid valedictory was given by a Lutheran clergyman, a member of the faculty, the Rev. Dr. Luther Yngle. It treated principally of the League of Nations. I was so stirred by Dr. Yngle's eloquence that, in congratulating him afterward on his address, I urged strongly that it should be put in print and widely circulated. At the subsequent luncheon, having been asked to speak a few words on that question, I again renewed the suggestion. I am ignorant as to whether or not any definite action in that direction was taken. And now it looks as though that question, in which the peace of the world is wrapped up, would form the leading issue of the approaching political campaign. I greatly enjoyed a visit to the picture gallery connected with the college, containing many rare old Italian paintings, portraits by Gilbert Stuart, Trumbull, and other well-known artists of the Colonial period, and one fine

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example of that neglected genius, Washington Allston, which I remembered of old: "Jeremiah Prophesying." The colors of the latter painting were much sunken, dry, and dead, simply for the lack of a slight coat of mastic varnish.

In the afternoon I went home with Dr. Bacon and was permitted a brief but delightful interview with Mrs. Bacon—an invalid, alas! and confined to her room most of the time, but able, when I was there, to spend a little while reclining upon a lounge on a porch in the open air and sunlight, conversing with her friends. This pleasant brief duty performed, I turned to one of the homely necessities of my pilgrimage, the washing of a few pieces of soiled linen in the bath-tub (Oh! for an instantaneous laundry), a hasty wringing out of them, to conclude with hanging on the line,—this by kind permission of the cook,—where they fluttered brightly in the warm air and sunshine, to be quite dry ere close of day. I managed to get a little artistic work done during the two days and a half spent at Dr. Bacon's, in the little spare time available for such a purpose, on Monday afternoon, in the way of a black-and-red chalk sketch of his niece, a very intelligent and amiable young lady, a member of the household, and an art student in the Yale Department of Fine Arts, under the able tuition of Mr. Sargeant Kendall. His fine pastel drawing of the blind Breton artist, Jean Julian Le Mordant (melancholy relic of the war) was a marked object of interest when I visited the galleries.

Tuesday morning, June 3d, opened exquisitely beautiful, but with steadily increasing heat. It was a hot time, indeed, that I had walked into; and it would be days yet before I got out of it. Immediately after breakfast I went to the spacious mansion of my old and tried friend, the best of men, Professor Henry W. Farnam. There, perhaps thirty years earlier, when given up wholly to the advocacy of Indian Rights, I had been a guest. During all those eventful years Professor Farnam has been a regular contributor to the support of that national humanitarian work. I found him, that hot June morning, cool, quiet, clear-minded, wisely sympathetic, as of old, looking to

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me no older than when we first met. How many delightful reminiscences he brought up with merry comment during that brief interview! There, in his picture gallery, an inheritance from his father, hung the same painting of the great oaks and valleys of the forest of Fontainebleau, from the brush of one of my early masters in art—F. Auguste Ortmanns, of dear and tragic memory. He struggled for years with debt and obscurity, though painting lovely things, when suddenly good fortune came to him from King Leopold of Belgium, his fellow-countryman, patron of the arts, but infamous, one regrets to say, on account of his cruelties in the Congo Free State, where his agents maimed and tortured the natives to obtain wealth from ivory. The old King bought one of Ortmanns' pictures, but the change from ill fortune to good came too late and too suddenly to be of any use, for M. Ortmanns, having a weak heart, the shock of joy actually killed him. "I die of happiness," he exclaimed, and gave up the ghost. . . .

Professor Farnam's comments on present political and social conditions seemed to me acute and just. They were brought out partly by the fact that a riot had recently taken place in New Haven, which had been led by a dangerous Italian anarchist, and in which excitable foreign workmen out of employment had taken part. Slight damage to property had resulted—a fine stained-glass memorial window in the college chapel had been injured, but no very great harm had been done. The police seem to have been negligent. Professor Farnam spoke guardedly of certain wealthy manufacturers who had belonged to the League to Enforce Peace, but whose zeal had suddenly cooled, so that they refused to give any more money to it on account of their dislike of President Wilson and their fear of socialism. Professor Farnam advocated closer understanding between employers and employed by friendly conference and discussion. He mentioned an instance of one business firm where this idea had been successfully carried out. Professor Farnam and Dr. Bacon seemed to me to have much the same general outlook on the present state of public affairs.

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I then made an effort, which was finally successful, to pay my respects to another distinguished resident of the city, a man of great legal learning, who has happily reached advanced years, being upward of eighty—Judge Simeon Baldwin. My claim upon his acquaintance, it is true, was but slight. A great many years ago, upon the occasion of a Civil Service Reform meeting in Philadelphia, I sat alongside of him at dinner, and had some conversation with him which I remembered with pleasure. But there was another reason why I felt anxious to see Judge Baldwin. I had learned from various sources that, notwithstanding his advanced years, he still enthusiastically practised pedestrianism, having walked 12 miles in a day within a year or so. I found his office, after careful search and many inquiries, with difficulty. It was in the second floor of a large building that fronted on one of the principal streets of the city, but the entrance to it was on a side street, far back from the prominent one, and there was no sign that I could see to show one the right door which led up a flight of stairs to the second floor. Then I followed down a long, narrow entry to find at last Judge Baldwin's office. An attendant of advanced years, benign aspect, and gentle manners, in the outer office, inquired my name and business. The Judge was at the moment engaged, but would see me soon. I waited so long that I had begun to despair of ever gaining the object of my search. But the extreme quiet and seclusion of the place, the cool shelter from the outside heat, the aspect of venerable law-books on the shelves that lined the walls, all this was grateful, notwithstanding the passage of time. Finally the door to the inner sanctuary was opened and I was invited into it. Judge Baldwin was seated in a chair on the far side of the room, the diminutive figure of an aged man—the skin of the face indicated that, but yet more was this shown in a certain remoteness of expression—almost unconscious of the presence of a stranger in the room, even while addressing perfectly clear inquiries as to his name and mission. I doubted very much whether the judge ever remembered having met me before, though I reminded him of the time, and my own recol-

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lection of it was vivid. Nothing could have been more logical and incisive than the Judge's conversation, and the expression of his opinions on present political events and of some matters long past—the Centennial Exhibition of 1876, to which I chanced to allude. Then he gave a tart little interruption: “And from which, I believe, the stockholders never got any return on their investments.” But whether or not that was so, I might have replied, but did not, that the United States in a hundred ways derived benefit from that, the first of our successful national fairs.

I was glad to have paid that visit and to have this brief and yet most stimulating intercourse with a distinguished and highly respected gentleman.

* * *

Wednesday, June 4th. I rose at 6 o'clock and, elated at the prospect of another long walk, notwithstanding the intense heat, I packed my bag to carry on my back and my suit-case to be sent to Waterbury by express. A farewell to Dr. Bacon after breakfast, who must start at once to college duties, while I did not get on the road until 10 o'clock, because of a visit from a very remarkable man, Mr. H. B. Wright, with whom I had vainly tried a year before to get into personal contact in order that I might hear from his own lips the thrilling story of his eight years' work of Christian love and self-abnegation in a run-down, back country Connecticut town called Oldham. Mr. Wright spent from 9 to 10 o'clock telling me the history of his almost incredible experiences in a hand-to-hand struggle with sin and ignorance of the grossest kind, and with no weapon to combat these monsters but implicit faith, a resolute will, and the love of the Lord Jesus Christ for the souls of men. No one could have listened to that story, told with perfect unassuming simplicity by the one who had witnessed these wonderful conversions and reformations in men and women,—debased, perverse as they originally were, but who became at last happy workers for the good of others,—without knowing that the Divine love, truly manifested, is the greatest power in the world

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for human redemption. That story ought to be put in print, for every detail of it is a jewel of dramatic truth and good cheer.

Farewell, New Haven, the good friends left behind there, and then 25 miles until I reach Dr. Arthur D. Variell's home on Grove Street, Waterbury, under such heat as I have rarely been called on tramping to endure. All day long as I marched the perspiration drawn from my forehead by the blazing sun and humid air ran into both eyes, stinging sharply. I carried a handkerchief always in my hand, mopping my face every few moments until it was so wet that it had to be wrung out.

At about 2 o'clock in the day, feeling the need of food and rest, I stopped at a very good auto-inn, where I was served with a substantial and most palatable dinner. The coolness and shaded air of the dining-room were refreshing. A number of attractive young fellows—students at Yale—were there taking lunch after some sort of excursion. We soon got into friendly conversation, during which they asked many questions about the walk, in which they seemed much interested. They were in haste to get back to New Haven for class work, and I to get on with my journey, for I had not in starting supposed it would be so long—not more than 20 or 21 miles—and I had hoped to reach Dr. Variell's at 7 o'clock. I soon found that quite impossible. Ice-cream or cool drinks of some kind were the great need for walkers that afternoon. I stopped for some such refreshment at a booth to the left of the road about 4 o'clock. The man who served it assured me that his thermometer stood at 97° in the shade. I think, however, the sun must have winked at it round the corner. Seeing that I could not possibly reach Waterbury until at least 10 o'clock at night, I resolved to try a hasty supper of bread and milk, to save time and get ahead; so I stopped at a prosperous-looking farmhouse on the right of the road, a little before sunset, to see if the owner could give me some fresh milk. The farmer, an intelligent, fine-looking young man, told me he would be glad to oblige me but that all his milk was needed to supply regular customers. He referred me, however, to another farmer a short distance ahead, on the left

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of the road, who had enough and to spare—a Mr. Shipman. His was a large place of 70 acres, a good house, and large barns. Mr. Shipman was most civil and friendly, and for a small sum supplied me with all the milk and bread I could possibly eat. Seated upon the ground, and resting my unharnessed back against Mr. Shipman's barn, I drank from a little pan perhaps more milk—cool and refreshing it was—than I ought to have done, while my benefactor discoursed most entertainingly of his impressions of Paris and the Parisians. He had made a single trip abroad,—the great event of his life,—when he had visited the French capital. I thought his comments very shrewd and reasonable.

I pressed resolutely ahead after supper. The sun was still above the horizon, and nature was in all the opulence of a fine June evening as I passed through the broad street of an attractive village, about 10 miles from Waterbury. I did not realize until it was too late the agonies of humiliation—almost despair—that were upon me, but from which, as by a merciful Providence, when no succor seemed possible, I was rescued. Swiftly, painlessly I was taken ill, and with no chance to invoke human aid. It was Mr. Shipman's milk,—perfectly pure and harmless in itself,—joined to the great heat and prolonged exertion, I believe, that caused the trouble. And doubtless it was my own fault in partaking of it so freely. A similar disaster once befell me on the heights of the Cottian Alps, in northern Italy. Milk, excellent but too cold, taken into a heated system, was then the cause. It must have been the same on the way to Waterbury, but how different and how much more distressing were the circumstances on this bright summer evening in June, 1919! In the former case I was amid lonely Alpine peaks, with no other witness to my sufferings than a single walking-companion who was anxious to render me every assistance, whereas now I was conspicuous on the street of a populous town, with passers-by of both sexes constantly in sight, who were ignorant of my trouble, and to whom I could make no disclosures of it. Never did mortal in the most critical moment of his life put up a more

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fervent prayer for Divine aid—and that aid most unexpectedly quickly came; but precisely how cannot here be stated. In about half an hour I was able to resume my journey to Waterbury. Darkness soon fell. The roads were trying to a footman, and in places extremely rough. There were long hills to climb. It required dogged resolution to go ahead. The outskirts of Waterbury, with trolley tracks, electric lights, drug-stores, with soda-water fountains,—the latter much needed in that heat,—were reached about 10 o'clock. At one of these, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, I stopped for ice-cream soda, and to brush off the dust of the journey. Notwithstanding my familiarity with Waterbury, where, after a mile or so of tramping, I got to the center of the city, I was a little puzzled to find the exact location of Dr. Variell's house—and would any one, I queried, be up to receive me at that hour? Torturing thought! They must all have gone to bed. Had I better attempt it and camp on the lawn in case of failure—to be routed out by a policeman probably as a "drunk" before morning—or go to a hotel? I decided to risk the simple and direct course and was glad I did so. When I knew that I must be near the right house among many dark cottages whose lights were all out, I saw one brightly lighted, and where some one was playing cheerily on the piano. A young lady came promptly to the door in answer to my summons, and politely told me just where the house was that I sought. I blessed her! It was close at hand. Oh! happy ending of a long, adventurous day! Yes, there was gas still burning in the hallway of 102 Grove Street, and when I rang, a tall young Irish woman whose name proved to be Marjorie—whose strongly marked features made me think of Savonarola, and who I think was possessed of a touch of the noble spirit of the old Florentine reformer. The family had retired, having given me up, but she fully represented all their hospitality. There was nothing she was not ready to do for me, from getting me a supper—strawberries, every kind of thing—to establishing an electric fan to cool the guest-chamber, which she explained, being just over the kitchen, was very warm. I was in a condition

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of gratitude which enjoyed everything without actually making use of it. I wanted neither supper nor electric fan, but only plenty of cold water to drink and a bath to be cooled off and to be cleansed in, and then rest and forgetfulness in that beautiful clean bed in that dainty room. While Marjorie and I were getting all these points settled, there was a footfall in the hallway, while round the corner a gentle, cultured voice bid me welcome and explained—it was needless—why none of the household were up to receive me. It was Mrs. Variell, the best and most sympathetic of friends, around whom clustered memories of “White Star” steamers, Gibraltar landings, and many other pleasant things. . . . Then I bade her and all the world “Good night!”

* * *

I rose at 7 and breakfasted with the family at 8 o’clock in the morning of Thursday, June 5, 1919. The day, like the previous one, was excessively warm. With a sense of deep satisfaction I found myself one with this charming and friendly family, recalling associations of European travel and sea changes in the fateful year of 1914. The prospect of two quiet days of rest and amusement in Waterbury, under the guidance of Mrs. Variell and her step-daughter, Miss Doris, and in a place where I had other good friends, some of them of even longer standing, was pleasant. The house was quite a center of young life. Little Monty, a boy of five years, helped to keep things moving at a quick pace. When no older persons were around but myself, he got hold of the entire family mail on that hot morning, my letters included, and quickly found a resting place for it in the thick, dry dust of Grove Street driveway. Thence I rescued it, no one but I being the wiser for the adventure. Immediately after breakfast Mr. —— called and I was introduced to him by Miss Doris. He was a fine-looking young returned soldier, a lieutenant in an American regiment that had seen hard service in France. He was from the State of Virginia, and was at that time a law student in one of the leading universities of the South—one with which I was well acquainted. “How

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about German atrocities?" I said; "what do you know of them?" He looked me squarely in the eye, with a perfectly frank expression, and said: "German atrocities, German atrocities, for roughness I'll back our boys against those of any nation on earth! Haven't I seen German prisoners made to dig their own graves, shot, and put in them?" No more passed between us on that point, but when, later in the summer, I heard from the lips of a thoughtful, cultured Methodist clergyman at Sunapee—a man whom I had known for years and in whom I had the fullest confidence—similar tales given by returned soldiers, I thought of the bold challenge of this young officer.

Two quiet, hot, and happy days I passed in Waterbury, the recipient of every kind attention that was possible. Twice I went to the theater, enjoying it hugely both times. On the night of the fifth Mrs. Variell took me to see "The Fatal Marriage." Amusing it was, and there was some very good acting in it. I made two sketches of Miss Doris—one in lead-pencil and the second in charcoal. She is—while possessing many other good qualities that need not be enumerated—singularly kind in her willingness to serve the cause of art by allowing her artist friends to sketch her. I wish that my own immediate family would show a similar amiability!

Monty was called into requisition in the afternoon of the sixth. What a painful contrast between the two sitters! I was left to struggle single-handed with this living bulb of quicksilver, not even a maid whom he knew and measurably respected being there to restrain him. It was an almost impossible task, yet a charcoal sketch was the result—very slight and hurried—with which his mother at least professed to be pleased.

On Friday, June 6th, Miss Doris gave me two tickets for a matinée performance at another theater. She could not go or any other member of the family. How could I use that second ticket? The most brilliant inspiration of the entire journey rose like a bright star in my mind, and upon it I acted without a moment's delay. I went to the parsonage of St. James' Church,

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and found my old friend, Rev. John Lewis, a chaplain returned from the war, and also who had held a similar position of long standing to the young ladies' school, "Westover," near Waterbury, just eating lunch with his amiable family. He greeted me with roars of the most catching clerical laughter and protests about sermons to be written, engagements to be met, and the like. I had my way as effectively as did the Ancient Mariner with the wedding guest. Parson and pedestrian soon found themselves occupying front seats as the curtain rose on the melodrama of "The Other Wife," which was well acted by a stock company from New York. My friend seemed to know many in the audience, with one of whom, a young soldier seated just behind us, he interchanged overseas experiences between the acts. And to me he told, in response to my sharp cross-questioning, some of his ghastly experiences in ministering to 3080 desperately wounded American soldier boys on the other side. It was during twelve days' time. Some of these men were suffering the tortures inflicted by poison gas, and many of them died. "The dying," Mr. Lewis said, "all had faith in God that it would be well with them."

That evening I called on Rev. Dr. Dinsmore, an old and valued friend, the pastor of the leading Congregational Church in Waterbury, a man of great eloquence and culture, a noted student of Danté. He was not at home, much to my regret.

Saturday, June 7th, I rose at 6, breakfasted at 8.30. I arranged with the American Express Company—with whom, on both sides of the Atlantic, I have had satisfactory dealings through many years—to send my suit-case directly to Sunapee. I was glad to get rid of such unnecessary and useless impedimenta now that I had no further expectation of being a guest in private houses.

At quarter to 10 o'clock, accoutred as usual, I left Dr. Variell's, being accompanied for several blocks by my self-denying hostess, who expected to view a parade of returned soldiers which was to take place that day in Waterbury. The town was in holiday attire, while everywhere through the streets

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we met people—many of them just arrived from the country—hurrying to some point of vantage to see the show. “Follow the green cars and you will be on the right road,” said Mrs. Variell as we parted. This I did, with patient trudge under the canopy of a sky blazing hot as the sun rose higher and higher, for a distance of about four miles. Yet I was perfectly happy and serene, though moist through every pore, my mind absorbed in gentle reverie through the experiences of the last two days. I was almost unconscious of locomotion, dimly aware, however, that I was slowly passing through interminable outskirts of a thriving manufacturing town, up and down steep hills covered with much pale gray dust. Then another little town or village, shaded with big trees, peaceful, slumbering, I reached about drowsy noon, feeling much the need of a little rest and of something cool to eat or drink—birch beer, ice cream—no matter what. I found just the spot I wanted, to the right of the road on entering the village, in a combined post-office and country store. The man who kept it—of mature years—was very agreeable and accommodating. He seemed to take a broad human interest in my journey. I sat down at a small table in the sweet, cool, and primitive atmosphere of the place, to enjoy much cold water and ice-cream. While I was busy in this way an interesting family came in to buy things. There were father and mother and two daughters, the older of the latter a singularly beautiful and graceful girl of not more than fifteen years. The parents were both fine looking and scarcely, I judged, more than forty. Both had marked and pleasant character in their faces. The whole family shed abroad a home-like, wholesome influence. The mother’s nose was too pronounced,—too long for beauty,—though it gave character to her face. In the oldest daughter there were the same general characteristics in the nose, but they were by the hand of an inscrutable Providence restrained—softened into actual beauty. She kept moving with at least apparently unconscious, almost child-like, ease about the room, looking at things displayed for sale, talking with her father and mother, her sister, the storekeeper, so that one could

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not help observing her with a fair degree of accuracy and finally coming to a definite certain conclusion that both in face and form she was beautiful.

The postmaster taking the initiative, soon got into conversation with me, bringing out the fact that I was on a foot journey to Lake Sunapee, and that my general interests in life were artistic and philanthropic—woods, Indians, and the like. Soon I got into conversation with the father and the mother of this little family. I think the father told me that he was an engineer—mining or civil—but of that I will not be sure. The mother said they knew well Rev. John Lewis, of Waterbury, my friend whom I had just left. I wish now that I had asked the names and address of these people. I have regretted ever since not doing so. I felt tempted strongly to stop over for twenty-four hours in that quiet village, getting first the mother's permission to sketch that fifteen-year-old daughter. She would have made the fortune of a really competent figure painter. But a "heavy summons" lay upon me to get through with this journey. The heat was most oppressive.

I pressed on, reaching the town of Meriden, a distance of 16 miles from Waterbury, between 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon. I enjoyed the luxury of a good dinner at the best hotel in the place—the Winthrop. How cool and delightful the dining-room was after the glare and dust and heat of the road!

That night, before retiring, I was able to get off, posting it to Philadelphia, my fourth letter for publication to the *Ledger*. I got a good room and bath, and was in the best possible physical condition, notwithstanding the heat.

Sunday at Meriden, June 8th, witnessed a complete change in the weather. The wind was blowing chill from the east. The sky was covered with gray clouds. There were but two or three gentlemen beside myself at breakfast in the large dining-room—a most attractive room it was. I was on the road by 10.30, and made the 19 miles to Hartford by 4.30 in the afternoon. I passed through New Britain that morning, just about the time the people were going to church. A boy returning from Sunday

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school walked by my side for a while, and I spoke to him of the "Learned Blacksmith," as he was called, Elihu Burritt, the wonderful linguist, master of 14 languages, pedestrian, and advocate of universal peace, whose achievements rendered the name of that town famous. The boy had never so much as heard the name of that extraordinary man. Further on I passed through country occupied by Italians who were evidently making a success of the truck business.

About 10 o'clock, having walked at a rapid pace in the cool, sunless wind, I became hungry and would like to have had dinner. Going through Berlin, I think it was, I looked out for an inn—a hotel—some place where I could get a hot dinner. I was told that no such convenience was to be found in those parts. The best I could do was to enter the premises of an Italian truck-farmer, and there I obtained drinking water from a young woman and permission to sit down, rest, and munch peanuts and dried beef, while a watch-dog barked from a safe distance and disapproved of my doings.

I was glad to be on the road again, for the place where my very frugal lunch was eaten offered no temptation to delay. No rain fell during the afternoon, but the east wind and gray sky continued. At a long distance, short of Hartford, the gilded dome of some large building came into view—an impressive object, seen through an opening in the high trees that lined the road. I learned afterward that it was the shining crown of an insurance building that so appeared.

When I was about six miles short of Hartford I was overtaken by a friendly automobile, and in it were Mrs. Irving Putnam and her daughter Betty and Mr. and Mrs. Brock. They were old friends and neighbors at Sunapee, and thither they were bound, with the expectation of reaching the Lake the following afternoon. What a difference in the speed with which they and I moved toward the same destination! At least another week was needed in which I should finish the journey. I reached Hartford at 4.30 in the afternoon, but so hot and thirsty was I, notwithstanding cool and cloudy weather, that I must needs stop for a

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little while in the unattractive outskirts for the customary, and really necessary, ice water and ice-cream—plenty of both.

Then I grew luxurious in spirit, and making my way down to the very center of the city,—rather quiet and not overcrowded the streets were, as it was Sunday afternoon,—I put up at the Hotel Bond. I found it new, clean, and up-to-date in every way. I tried a cheap room at first, but as it was very small and looked out on a narrow well, I got the clerk to exchange this for a more expensive one higher up, where I had plenty of space, two windows opening on the street, and a bath-room attached. This cost \$2.50 until Monday morning. The restaurant was à la carte. Glorious rest and luxury—that is what I enjoyed. The pleasant large dining-room was full to overflowing, and a quartette of musicians played from a balcony to the hum of voices and the clatter of dishes, knives, and forks. The guests, I judged, were mostly automobilists. Then I wrote home letters, and one to Mr. H. B. Wright asking if he would let me help to publish his remarkable account of his evangelistic labors at Oakham, Conn., of which he told me in New Haven. This letter may never have reached its destination, for I never had a response to it. I retired at 9.40, while an east wind still threatened rain.

Monday, June 9th, I rose at 6. A good breakfast, but too expensive—perhaps this was my fault. It cost \$1.50. Quite a heavy rain fell during the night, but it held up when I started at 9 o'clock. I had to pass on my way to Springfield through the busiest part of the business streets of Hartford. Men and women were going in large numbers to their work. Suddenly, much to my surprise, while marching up Asylum Street with my ruck-sack on my back,—a marked object,—I heard myself accosted in a cheery tone and by name from the lips of a fine-looking young man walking in the opposite direction. It was Harold Stickney, of Sunapee, to whom I had given, two years ago, a letter of introduction to President Drinker, of Lehigh University, when this young man had expected to take a course in civil engineering. Young Stickney told me he had changed

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his plans, owing to war conditions, and was now doing well in business in Hartford. His manner was most cheerful and pleasant. The interruption was a pleasant break in the monotony of the walk.

Then I went to the post-office and found awaiting me a large amount of mail. I read them all through quickly and answered some of the more important ones, posted them, and, putting on my trappings again, I marched on. When I reached Windsor Locks, 13 miles from Hartford, I felt greatly the need of food and determined to take lunch or dinner there. I got in after the country dinner hour of 12 to 1 o'clock. The place was very small and poorly equipped as to hotels. The proprietor of the one small house that I lighted upon told me that it was long past dinner time and that he could do nothing for me. His tone seemed to indicate that he thought it almost a breach of travelers' etiquette that I should ask for anything. I retired in good order and ventured into a neighboring café, very small, with a few tables and chairs that mill hands would use. Cooking was going on in a little kitchen back of the counter, managed by the proprietor himself. He consented to give me a chop, potatoes, coffee, and a piece of pie, at small cost, keeping his eyes fixed on me steadily meanwhile, with an unsmiling and rather unfriendly expression. There was nothing in it that would lead one to suppose that he liked my looks or approved of me. Then he said: "Where are you going, anyway—to the North Pole?" I went on quietly chewing and swallowing my food. I made no reply. I thought it was not his concern whether my destination was the North Pole or the South one—of course, if the latter, I had gotten twisted and was going the wrong way. My attitude of steadiness and silence worked even better than I had anticipated. The proprietor thought it over and soon began to ask me perfectly respectful questions, showing a real interest in what I was about, all of which I answered fully and to his apparent contentment.

This café at Windsor Locks was not an elegant place in which to take one's lunch or dinner, but the food provided was hot

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and strengthening—just what I was in need of. I fully forgave the man who kept it his initial rudeness, and I pressed forward on the afternoon's walk with high spirits, energy, and courage. I needed all these qualities to carry me into the fine, well-remembered city of Springfield, which I reached at a late hour that evening. Torrential showers fell,—off and on during the whole of the afternoon, wetting me pretty thoroughly, notwithstanding my poncho and my umbrella. It was about 7 o'clock when I got in, having made from 24 to 26 miles that day. My condition, notwithstanding the cold and the rain, was excellent. I went to the Court Hotel, an interesting place, and evidently frequented principally by commercial drummers. I was given a large room with a bath up at the very top of the house. The air was cold and chilling, owing to the great rain. I wished I could have had an open fire, or fire of some kind, in that big room, not so much to warm my body as to dry my wet clothing and soggy shoes. But there was none. The best thing I could do, as I put on clean and dry undergarments, was to hang up everything that was wet, stretched out on chairs and bed-posts. However, little progress was made. The general air was too damp to absorb any more moisture. It was 8.30 before I could get any supper. Then it must be eaten at a lunch-bar in the drinking saloon. The drinking-bar was on the opposite side of the apartment, where drinks were being served to two men standing there, one of whom cursed as he talked with a proficiency acquired, I judged, by long practice. But I was pleasantly tired and very hungry after that long tramp, partly under heavy rain, and I greatly enjoyed the hot supper of scrambled eggs, sausages, bread, and tea, which they gave. The chief cook of the hotel had gone to his home for the night. That was why no meals were furnished in the dining-room. It was too late that day to look up Bishop Davies, or any of my clerical friends who might be found in Springfield, so I contented myself by going quietly to bed at an early hour, and there I found abundant and refreshing rest.

I rose at 6 o'clock the next day, June 10th, to look upon

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patches of blue sky, scattered storm-clouds flying merrily before a northwest wind, and bright sunshine playing at intervals upon the great buildings and church-towers of Springfield. It was a welcome and cheering sight. I breakfasted alone in the dining-room, this time, at 8. Then I started forth in search of Bishop Davies, whom I well remember as "Fred," a slim, thoughtful boy of twelve years in old Philadelphia days, now a dignitary of the Church, courteous, scholarly, kind, considerate, popular, like his father, also a Bishop, but of Michigan. I found his episcopal office at 25 Harrison Street, but he and his family, unfortunately for me, were absent at their summer home in lovely Lenox. There he works not only among the very wealthy, but also with skill and effect among the poor of the back country in the hills. I left a scribbled line for my absent friend in the hands of a colored caretaker of the office. Then I called at the offices of the Springfield *Republican*, that valiant hundred-year-old champion of conservative progress, by whom I had been nourished politically for nearly half a century. I made myself known to one of the editors immersed in work in his lofty perch, who was very polite and who welcomed the chance for an interview upon the long walk, handing me over without the loss of a moment to a bright and engaging young woman in another room, who rapidly took down what I had to tell of the trip. I believe that the story in outline later appeared, but I never saw it.

Then I got home-letters—most welcome—at the post-office, and then, strolling upon the hill, so familiar to me in the days when Rev. John Cotton Brooks was rector of Christ Church and proved himself so good a friend to the Indian and to me,—his unofficial advocate,—I looked up its present incumbent, Rev. John McGann and Mrs. McGann. Both of them are enthusiastic workers during the summer at Sunapee for the best things of life, as in Springfield during the winter. But I found the old Colonial home that had been the parsonage gone, and in its place a new and finer house. Adjoining this was a large, commodious parish-house. I hardly recognized the place. The

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church alone remained unchanged. Fortunately for me, Rev. Mr. McGann was at home and his good wife also. I had a cordial welcome and an invitation to lunch in the parsonage. This accepted, of course, by me, was perforce changed to one in a neighboring café. Then, before we went to lunch, a bright, unconventional thought struck me, born of the hard necessities of my condition and circumstances. The sun was out warm and bright—a fine sun for drying wet, washed garments. The McGann family wash could be seen flapping merrily from the line in the little area. I thought of my damp garments back in my room at the hotel, sunless, and with no chance of drying. What misery to stuff them thus in my ruck-sack when the afternoon marching time came. “Mr. McGann, do you object to my bringing my bag with my wet things here at lunch time,—an hour hence,—and drying them on your line?” I asked. “Not in the slightest; you have Mrs. McGann’s and my full permission.” I was back at the hotel in the twinkling of an eye, paid my bill, got all my belongings from the bed-room, and before lunch-time I was hanging the wet underclothing on the parsonage line. This was done with the full permission of a pleasant-faced mulatto girl, a domestic in the family, who watched and encouraged me from the kitchen window. Then the parson and I went to lunch.

I had much interesting talk with Rev. Mr. McGann about his experiences in France during the war, where he, like so many other ministers of religion, had served as a chaplain. From what he had seen in Paris he was much impressed with the demoralization caused among young men by service abroad.

Immediately after lunch in the crowded café, where ladies and young people were coming and going all the time and where there was scarcely elbow-room to ply one’s knife and fork, we walked back to the cool and quiet of the parsonage study. The time for my departure was at hand. I would be ready so soon as my linen, which had been drying for several hours on the line, was collected and packed into my ruck-sack. I had passed a most exhilarating morning and was eager to be

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off, for Holyoke must be reached that night. Excusing myself for a moment, I repaired to the area to collect my things—warm, sun-dried, swaying in the breeze betwixt the ministerial sheets and garments. I had already withdrawn the clothespin from a pair of my woolen stockings when my eye despaired the face of a comely mulatto girl looking sharply at me from the kitchen window. At first I thought it was the same with whom I had talked in the morning, and who so pleasantly welcomed my putting my wash there. But it was quite a different person, or the disposition of the girl had undergone a strange change. “What you about, you man, in among our wash things? I guess you’re a clothes thief!” “Madam,” I replied, so soon as I could collect myself, being completely taken aback at this sudden and unprovoked onslaught, “these are my things, not yours, which Mr. McGann, whose guest I am, gave me permission this morning to hang out here to dry; and also,” I added, “a young woman resembling you who was where you are now gave me permission to hang my clothing here.” “We’ll soon see if that’s true or not,” she replied with a skeptical toss of her head. “Do so,” I said, gaining full confidence with the increasing conviction of my own innocence, “and you will find that it is true. I have never consciously taken undergarments that were not my own.” I greatly admired this young woman for standing up to what she believed to be right and protecting her employer’s property from one whom she had every reason to suppose was a common back-yard thief. Laughingly I told Mr. McGann of my adventure. He laughed, too, and soon the mistake was explained.

I got off at an early hour on the afternoon walk, with a light and perfectly contented heart. The sun continued to shine brightly upon the ground, wet and free from dust after the heavy showers of the previous day. My course lay first through the streets of Springfield, crowded with people, who, bent upon their own affairs of business or pleasure, paid no attention to my trampers outfit. Soon I was beyond all this stir and movement, and crossing the long bridge over the Connecticut to the

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far bank. The scene up the river was exquisitely lovely—placid, gently moving waters reflecting the sunny sky, gliding slowly between winding banks of green, with here and there great elm trees shading the path that I was to tread.

Just after crossing the bridge the road passed by a large space to the left, with a broad enclosure, where some kind of a fair or agricultural exhibit was going on. Close to the ticket entrance a very large man—a fakir of some kind—was crying out in loud tones and monotonously the price of some fancy article that he had to sell. “Only 5 cents; only 5 cents,” he kept repeating. I had scarcely passed him by a yard’s length when in the same stentorian tones and with no change of intonation I heard him cry: “Where is the Doctor going? Is he going a-hunting? Oh, yes, surely the old Doctor’s going a-hunting,” and so on until I was out of hearing.

All that afternoon I passed through a region populous with pleasant country-places of rich and poor, growing from time to time into hamlets and villages, until at an early hour I reached Holyoke. Once on the way I stopped to refresh myself with cold ginger ale. An intelligent young married woman who served it, when she learned what I was about, became very enthusiastic over the benefit and pleasure to be derived from trips of that kind and fervently wished that she could take one.

On reaching Holyoke, with the sun still up high in the sky, the afternoon very warm and beautiful, I passed by a great number of fine, large factories, availing themselves of the water-power of the Connecticut River. They were solid, extended, and even stately in appearance, while between them were interims of workmen’s houses. It was an interesting and suggestive sight.

After I had walked for several blocks through this street with the factories upon it I came to a broad avenue which led up into the central and business portion of the town. It was still brilliant with sunlight and warm with summer heat. I came to where a traffic policeman standing in the middle of the road, where the main business street crossed it, was directing

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the numerous vehicles. I have always found these men very accommodating and glad to aid a stranger. In answer to my inquiry he directed my steps to a new and excellent hotel, "The Nonotuck," which was only a block or so distant, pleasantly situated on a quiet street. At first it seemed as though I should fail to get a room there, for a convention of some kind was going on in Holyoke which had crowded the hotel to overflowing. The young man at the desk gave me slight encouragement. "Every room in the house taken," he said. I pleaded that I had come a long distance, was in need of rest and food, and could be tucked in anywhere, but that there I must stay. He consulted, in low tones, with a lady standing behind the desk, and who seemed to be a person high in authority. She turned to me with a kindly smile, while hope and courage returned to me. "There is just one chance that we can offer you a large upper room with two beds, running hot and cold water, but not a bath-tub; this in case you are willing to share it with another person—this gentleman." As she spoke she turned toward a young man standing close by, a gilded youth of affluent if not actually aristocratic appearance, who looked as though he never went anywhere excepting in a limousine. I declared at once, with emphasis, trying to conceal my relief of mind and actual delight—that I should be entirely contented with the gentleman's company if he was satisfied with mine. His eye ran me over wearily from stem to stern, and then, without response from his lips, rested upon one of the beautifully grained marble columns which supported the ceiling of the large, airy hall. I lost not a moment in declaring that I would engage the room for the night at the full price. It was a bargain that I had no cause to repent. I enjoyed the great comfort of it all to the full—cold water, plenty of space and air, an agreeable prospect from two windows, and the absence of that inexpressible young man clothed with conceit as with a garment. Washed and cooled off, I enjoyed a first-rate, if expensive, dinner and a glass of good beer in the handsome dining-room on the first or ground floor. Before going to bed, which I did at an

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early hour, I had written an eight-page letter to the *Ledger* of Philadelphia telling of the earlier stages of the walk for publication.

June 11th, Wednesday, upon which I rose at 6, was fair and warm. After breakfast at 8 o'clock I finished my fifth walking letter, begun the night before, and started on my way to Northampton at 10.45. The heat was oppressive that morning, thunder-storms seemingly threatening. I reached the town so famous as being the seat of Smith College for women, and other preliminary schools for the gentler sex, too late to get dinner at the hotel, and so had to be content with a poor lunch in a café.

That afternoon I had a long and hot walk through low, flat farming country, over an automobile road that seemed interminable, to South Deerfield. I got there quite late and put up at the Warren Hotel, which I would most highly commend, where I had the very best of treatment. Greatly did I enjoy my supper after the heat and prolonged toil of the day, and then, sitting on the porch afterward, making a pen-and-ink sketch, on an ordinary postal card, of the western hills as the late June sun went down. To bed at 10 o'clock and good rest that night.

Thursday, June 12th, broke perfectly clear and quite cool. There must have been a thunder-storm, or at least a shower, to effect so delightful a change of temperature. While I rose at 6.30, I did not get away until about 9 o'clock, keen for exercise in that delightful, cool air. My objectives were Deerfield proper and Greenfield. Just as I was moving out of South Deerfield I noticed to the right of the highway a little monumental stone, not at all imposing, erected in 1835 by public-spirited residents to the memory of "84 choice young men of Essex" who were here waylaid and slain by Indians September 18, 1675.

A short time before I reached Deerfield Centre, which I did at 1 o'clock, lunching there, a Ford motor car with a single male occupant passed me, running rapidly from the opposite direction. The sight of me seemed strangely to affect the

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driver of the car. He craned his head out as he passed, in what seemed a threatening manner, said something which I could not hear, and then, after running on for some space, got his machine stopped, turned round, and headed straight in my direction. A certain feeling of uneasiness—I will not say actual fear—came over me, and the thought flashed through my mind: what if this might be the sheriff out in pursuit of some house-breaker, or delinquent of some kind, and who sees in me the man of whom he is in search? So far as I knew I had done no wrong, but could I, a stranger in a strange land, prove it? The moment was an anxious one. But in an instant all my fears were set completely at rest, as a shout of glad recognition burst from the driver of the little Ford. It was my dear forester friend, Mr. Reynolds, secretary of the Massachusetts Forestry Association. I knew him, of course, the moment I could get a fair look at him. Then followed fifteen minutes of the quickest and pleasantest talk. My friend was traveling through that part of the State in the interest of the Society, getting signatures of influential citizens to a petition to the State legislature for the purchase and re-timbering of some 300,000 acres of waste land that might be used for the public good if a timber crop were grown upon it. How greatly I was cheered and the monotony of the journey broken by this happy, unexpected talk with a man who was throwing all the energy of intelligent and yet experienced youth into work for the public good! He soon sped on his eastward way, while I trudged west to Deerfield Centre.

This old historic town is worthy of much more time and attention than I at that moment was able to give it. This, however, in my case was hardly necessary, as I spent, more than thirty years ago, a summer in the hills five miles distant from Greenfield with my wife and children. During those peaceful weeks, when we boarded in an old family of the region named Smead, it was my good fortune to come upon a small, ancient book, called "The Redeemed Captive." This told in quaint language the story of the attack made upon Deerfield in the month of March, 1704, by a party of French and Indians; how

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some of the inhabitants were cruelly massacred, and others were carried off into captivity up into Canada. Among these was the Congregational minister of the place, Rev. John Williams, author of the small book in question, whose wife was slain by one of the savages, not being able to stand the rigors of the winter's journey, as she had an infant at that time of but a few weeks old. The Williams homestead was entered by the attacking party by means of their chopping a hole with a tomahawk in the oaken door, big enough to permit them to fire their muskets through. This door had a place in the museum of the town at the time of my first visit to Deerfield. Doubtless it is still on view there.

I arrived in time for lunch at an inn, where I had the pleasure of meeting a pleasant party of people, a gentleman and his wife, who had come by motor from some place in Ohio. They had with them a daughter and some of her young girl friends—college students from Northampton. I told them of the local museum, and after lunch they started off in search of it. Nothing could have been more lovely than Deerfield at the time of this visit: the quaint old mansions of a past age, shaded by immense elm trees, deep, red peonies and other June flowers in rich profusion everywhere. I would have liked to stay there and explore the place had time permitted. I did, indeed, take a little half-hour needed for the afternoon march, when lunch was over, to visit one of the old houses standing close to the inn. I was attracted by its appearance and the fact that a lady, evidently its mistress, who was moving about, seemed hospitably inclined toward strangers. I made a little postal card sketch of the rear of the building, and as I did so she told me something of its history. Benedict Arnold had been entertained there, I believe, after the patriot victory at Saratoga, and when that name—subsequently redolent with shame—was still held in high honor.

That afternoon I walked to Greenfield, arriving early, for Deerfield is only a few miles distant across the meadows. It was these same meadows across which the French and Indians

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came to attack Deerfield. It is said that the March night was a very windy one, and in order that they might take the sleeping-place by surprise, they took advantage of the noise made by the wind to cross the flats by a series of rushes with a moment or so of rest in between.

Greenfield brought vividly to my mind my old friend, and one of the best of men, Rev. Peter Voorhees Finch, at one time rector of St. James Episcopal Church. His goodness endeared him to rich and poor alike. He was, indeed, a perfect Christian gentleman.

I refreshed myself with some good cold milk in a café at Greenfield, and then started on my afternoon walk to Bernardston. Just as I was starting out from the main street, on a cross road that led to the north, I was accosted by two men—one small and the other tall and large, and whose manner was extremely conciliatory—with the inquiry as to whether I was not the foot traveler they had passed in their motor car some 20 miles back on the road. Of course, I could not be sure of that fact, but I thought it highly probable, since that was their opinion. They asked me where I had come from, and when I averred that the place was Philadelphia, and that I had walked every inch of the way excepting over the waters of the Hudson, their enthusiasm rose to fever heat. They thought “that beat all” and that I was “a wonder.” Would I not slip in with them to the second-floor-back of the building by which we were standing and take a glass of cool beer? I was touched with the really kind feeling of these two fellow-sportsmen, but excused myself on the plea that as I had just partaken of a glass of milk it would be out of the question for me to accept their kind hospitality. With evident disappointment they bade me farewell.

I reached Bernardston that evening at so late an hour—though it was still quite light—that I thought it more prudent not to attempt pressing on further, so I put up at the auto-inn there. It was a clean, well-kept place, but expensive—depending evidently mostly on auto excursion parties from neighboring

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towns and through traffic. There was a grill room, with partitions designed for seclusion, in which men and their companions of the other sex ensconced themselves and took refreshments, when I in my particular little compartment, with its high, dark wooden walls, silent and alone, ate my supper. It was a good, palatable meal. I was very hungry and enjoyed it hugely, but I groaned inwardly at the penny I had to pay for it. Still, I was very happy, as I had a fine, airy room on the upper floor, with running water and a comfortable bed. Sleep was sweet, as it was necessary to me that night, for I was weary, having journeyed over 20 miles.

Friday, June 13th, I was up by 6 in the morning in the best of health and spirits, to look upon a bright and very warm day. I breakfasted at 8 o'clock, well but expensively, paying for it \$1.30. My room, which had a bath connected with it, cost me \$2.50. I started on my way to Brattleboro at 8.45, and kept moving steadily along, but not rapidly, until 11 o'clock. Then I felt the need of rest and a little something to eat. Just to the right of the highway a very inviting spot presented itself—cool, alluring. A clear, murmuring stream, shallow and running over smooth stones and shining sand, was there in the shade of many and varied trees. Green grass was close beside it. There I rested from the heat and dust, with shoes and stockings off and set to dry, for more than a half-hour. I ate, and was strengthened thereby, some salt chipped beef, and I “drank of the brook by the way.” Then, gathering myself together and “bending my back to the burden,” I marched on and on in ever-growing heat.

When within about two miles of Brattleboro, at an hour or so far beyond the hope of getting a hot country dinner, I came saunteringly into a picturesque hamlet in a valley, at the bottom of which there was a fine running stream, and on the near side of it, to the left of the road, was a country store, cool and enticing, with an ancient, spectacled man tending it. He was most accommodating, and would sell me anything that he possessed and that I had pennies to pay for. I made a passable

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al fresco lunch, seated in the grass on the far side of the stream, eating leisurely 2 eggs, crackers, raw dried peaches, and drinking a bottle of ginger ale and plenty of lemonade made of really cold water drawn from a hard-by faucet, and sweetened with sugar bought at the store. Then I tramped and I tramped until I might have been seen—well on in the afternoon—nomadic in appearance and slow of pace, moving over the main street pavements and into the heart of Brattleboro. There I found my passage so obstructed by a motley crowd of people, young and old, whose interest was held by something unseen, that I stepped from the sidewalk into the middle of the road. Then I caught sight of a line of small automobiles—Fords, no doubt—drawn up near a magistrate's office. They were gaily decorated with bright bits of colored garments and heterogeneous articles; trunks, valises, and what-not were strapped or corded on behind or at the side. Red Indians and the far-off prairies of Dakota, or the cañons and mesas, the gleaming white sands of Arizona and New Mexico, sprang into life from the pigeon-holes of memory. But not that! They were gypsies—the romantic children of Egypt, the Zingalis, of whom George Borrow is the gifted interpreter and exponent, with his glorious "Bible in Spain," and "Lavengro." They have wandered through every country during the middle ages and down to our own day, trading horses and living in various clever ways off of the prosaic but more stable and prosperous white-skinned folk, telling fortunes sometimes with surprising success, when the chance favored, through conjunction of feminine art and male credulity. And something like that now explained the stoppage of the traveling camp of gypsies that barred my way. The case was then being heard, in the magistrate's office, of a gypsy girl who was arrested under charge of getting \$52.00 by unlawful arts from a young Vermont farmer whom she met on the road some days before. I think she got free by offering to return the money if the charge were dropped. This she did, saying that she found it on the ground at the spot where the meeting between herself and her accuser had occurred.

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I passed on my way to the Brooks House, where I took supper with a curious sense of divided sympathy between the white farmer, whose kinsman by blood and usually steady habits I was, and at the same time a strong drawing toward the ancient, dark-skinned people whose habits I shared to a degree, and whose swarthy complexion was not unlike that of my face and hands.

I took supper at the Brooks House at an early hour. This enabled me to get quite a number of letters which I found awaiting me at the post-office. By 6.30 o'clock I was again on the march, following the road that led along the Connecticut River until, at 10 o'clock that night, I walked into Putney. For many miles before I had finished the trip I enjoyed the beautiful, misty moonlight, which made a fairy scene of the windings of the river. When I got into the heart of Putney I found, to my chagrin, the one hotel of the place inhospitably closed. I could get no lodging there. But the town was still awake and bright with electric lights, while a moving-picture show was disgorging a crowd of people, and especially small boys. One of them I offered to treat, along with myself, to ice-cream soda. This he agreed to without a murmur. Then I got all the information from him that I could about boarding-places. He knew of just one—Mrs. Patterson's, let us say the name was. Thither together we went, only to find that the lady in question had gone to bed and that my influence, had it been exerted, was insufficient to get her up again just for my accommodation. I had walked a long way and I wanted rest. It looked as though I would have to unroll my blanket and sleep on the village green near the church. The father of my boy guide, anxious at his prolonged absence, came and rather peremptorily claimed him for bed, but showed no concern whatever that I was in need of the same comforts. Just at the moment when the night for me seemed darkest, light appeared in the form of a fine, intelligent young man coming from one of the large factories of the place, —electrical, I believe,—who told me that he thought perhaps his wife,—their home was close to where we stood,—who sometimes took boarders for the night might be able to lodge me.

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This was a wonderful piece of good luck. Quite a long while elapsed, however, during which I was kept standing out in the cold—for the night was very chilly, notwithstanding the heat of the day—in a state of painful uncertainty during the time that Mr. Smith was indoors debating the point with his wife as to whether or not I should be received. I began to think I should never see him again. What things were said, pro and con., I have no idea of, but I have often thought since that I would like to know them. There must have been a contest of some kind, but whatever its merits, the victory finally resulted in my favor. No hotel, even at a high cost, could have given me better than this unexpected chance provided. I had a delightful little bed-room, tastefully furnished, with a most comfortable bed. The bath-room, which was on the ground floor, was quite unusual. It was as large as a good-sized bed-room, and abundantly supplied with hot and cold water—hot I rarely if ever use, excepting as a great luxury to wash my oil-paint brushes with strong brown soap, but the cold—it may be imagined what that meant to me that night after an all-day tramp and probably 25 miles covered. That late night bath and the long sleep after it were perfect luxury.

Then the next morning brought an early and abundant appetizing breakfast, eaten in the pleasant company of my hostess and her unmarried sister. Mr. Smith had gone with the dawn—I suppose to his work. I told of my walk, whence I had come and whither I was going, and then we had the most animated talk about the gypsies. They had passed through Putney, the very party that had coaxed the \$52.00 out of the farmer's pocket, and that had delayed my passage through Brattleboro. Then I told Mrs. Smith of George Borrow's entertaining volume, "The Bible in Spain," which among other delightful adventures treats of the experiences he had with these mysterious nomads. My friend showed so much interest that subsequently I sent her a copy of this book in appreciation of her kind hospitality to me.

I started to walk westward toward Bellow's Falls at 9.15, and

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continued until 11 o'clock. Then I rested for a little time by a brook and ate some dried beef. I entered Bellow's Falls under excessive heat at 4 P. M., admiring greatly the beautiful location of the place on the Connecticut and the lovely elm-shaded houses that I passed by in its outskirts. I obtained excellent accommodations at the Windham Hotel—a large room with two windows on the second floor being given me. Light and air swept in there in full measure. The young man who showed me to my room had come back from war service in France, and so took great interest in marching. I felt great need at the moment of cooling and slightly stimulating drink, so he got for me a large bottle of iced ginger ale, which served admirably to quench my thirst and to reduce my temperature. After supper, which was soon served, as it was Saturday night and the streets were gay with people wandering about to keep cool and enjoy themselves, I went to a neighboring ice-cream parlor, which was also the leading drug-store, where I enjoyed an ice-cream soda. While I sat there harmlessly engaged, I noticed a very fine-looking young woman, with light hair and delicate, fair complexion, serving ices to a party of young girls who were evidently her friends. She was, or seemed to be, quite unconscious of being any better looking than the next person, which was not the least of her attractions. How I would have liked to make at least a charcoal study of that girl's head! But she, quite unconscious of this latent and unfulfilled design upon her freedom, went happily on mixing and serving soft drinks and ice-cream and discussing with her friends the most limited of local affairs. My purely personal treat paid for, I went forth into the cool and moonlit evening along a street that followed close to the windings of the river. Its waters reflected at intervals the bright beams of the moon. I found a seat with another warm night wanderer on one of the public benches placed at the spot by the town. The railroad tracks were in the narrow gap immediately in front of where I sat, and upon them were freight cars loaded with sawn timber from the large saw-mill that stood on the far side of the railroad and close to the river. A wooded mountain.

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standing majestically in the faintly luminous shadow of the moon, lifted its great height just beyond. The place and the hour were peaceful and pleasant. The man seated on the bench beside me proved to be an intelligent young wage-earner, seeking, like myself, relief from the heat of the day. He told me that on one of the rocks on the further bank of the river was a picture inscription cut—no one knows how long ago—by the Indians, who resorted to the place probably for fishing. I said good-night to my chance friend, strolled back to the hotel, and went to bed at an early hour.

I rose at 6 on the morning of Sunday, June 15th, to find the heat continued. Breakfast came at 8, and then the completion and posting of an eight-page walking letter to the *Ledger*. At 10 o'clock I started for Claremont with the inspiring and yet almost sad thought that my long and solitary journey was almost over. It was within twenty-four hours of its end. In the early afternoon I walked into Charlestown, where I got a good dinner and a full rest at the Swan Hotel. I started for the afternoon stretch at 3 o'clock. Where the road passes over the great flats that must be traversed before reaching Claremont two young men and a boy in an auto stopped as they were passing to ask all sorts of interested questions about the walking trip. They seemed to think it quite wonderful. They pulled out a flask—which was perhaps the source of their warm sympathy—and wanted me to drink some whisky with them. I thanked them and laughingly declined.

In good condition, but having found the heat trying, I reached Claremont late that afternoon. When I found myself once more in the staid and solemn splendors of the Moody House, I felt shut up to “infinite content.” The bell-boy procured for me from outside—why do they no longer have such things in our hotels?—am I the only one who wants them?—two lovely bottles of iced ginger ale. After that I sat happily out in an arm-chair in front of the Moody House, and made a pen-and-ink sketch on a sheet of hotel paper, portraying the evening scene before me—the plaza, the drug-store on the

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right hand of the main street, the latter running off into far perspective. I was very happy—almost as much so as though my own immediate family had been gathered about me. I felt much as the Children of Israel must have felt when, after the flight from Egypt, the Red Sea, and forty years in the wilderness, Joshua, the son of Nun, led them into the Promised Land!

Then, at 10 o'clock precisely, no one being the wiser for my imaginings, I went quietly to bed in my airy room on the third floor and slept like a top.

On the morning of June 16th I got up out of a luxurious bed—so to me it seemed—at precisely 6 o'clock, and in solitary state I breakfasted at 7.30. Heavily laden and light of heart, my bill paid and free of all cares, financial, legal, theological, or metaphysical,—yes, and physical, too,—I started on my last lap in the walk of 1919 for Sunapee and its lovely lake—Windermere, Loch Katrine, even Killarney, with its Abbey of Muckross, which I saw with my much younger eyes in the summer of 1869, look to your laurels! But before actually getting upon a lively gait I bethought me to stop at the post-office to inquire for letters. I found two there which gave me pleasure, and both of them I imperfectly answered by postal card, still harnessed and standing at one of the convenient little shelves which Uncle Sam provides for that purpose to the humblest citizen. Nature was most beautiful, but the heat great as I marched out from under the shadow of Claremont's elm trees on the way to Newport. The six miles of distance thither lie for the most part along a narrow but very shady road, on which the sand is heavy, and where there is but little room to escape automobiles. About half way, to the right of the road, well shaded by trees that protect the hillside, stands a stone fountain of purest and coldest spring water. There I stopped and rested, eating dried chipped beef and drinking copiously of the water. Much refreshed, I reached Newport—the scene of many pleasant memories, in which sunlight, moonlight, and gentle rain are interwoven by 1 o'clock. I also take comfort in the thought of how many good dentists there are in this thriving

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county-seat, and how much I and others owe to one of them—at least to Dr. Libby, who has done me many a good turn. And Dr. Liggett, of the medical profession, is there also, who became so enthusiastic over what he was pleased to consider the good health that I had won by long walks that shortly after this one was concluded he exclaimed, in an unguarded moment, “If all my patients took a notion to follow your example, half of them might dispense with my services.” Pure altruism surely breathed through that remark!

I had a grand dinner at the Newport Inn, washed down with a large bottle of ginger ale, and at which, though without any visible companions, I was not lonely, for in imagination enough absent friends to suit my taste bore me company. But afterward, traveling along the road to Sunapee Village, it seemed a veritable reception of real ones passing me in autos and saluting all the way. I was certainly getting near home at the ending of the day. Passing through Wendell, with only three miles yet to go, I stopped to pay my respects to Mrs. Hardy and her large and interesting family of intelligent, good, and some of them beautiful children, whose many courtesies to me I can never repay. By 4 in the afternoon I was at the post-office, receiving from Mr. Perkins’ friendly hand a great batch of mail—when can I answer all these letters?

And now I am at Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Flanders’ white cottage, just opposite the Ben Mere Inn, and the blue waters of Lake Sunapee, shining and glinting in the sun, are right under my eyes—never more beautiful. But at the very moment when the goal was almost reached, when “Min Afon,” lying at a point along the wood road called Garnet Street, was but one-quarter of a mile further, I committed a fatal mistake. In an unguarded moment, tempted by the siren tongue of William Flanders, I fell, as better men than I through unwatchfulness have fallen before! And this was the way it came to pass: He being the trusted and kindly caretaker of the cottage, as had been his father of the same name before him, and having been notified by postal of my coming, had everything in readiness,

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even to the old row-boat. This had been bought for a song thirty years before from my honored and dear friend, the late Colonel S. W. B. Hopkins, of Worcester, Mass., a noble gentleman and a fine lawyer. This was at a time when that indefatigable fisherman, esteeming the life of the faithful craft well-nigh spent, resigned it to me. By unremitting care, paint, caulking, and happy chance, I have been enabled to prolong its existence for a much longer period, as stated. Well, my faithful friend and steward, Mr. William Flanders, had the old "Albatros" already loaded with my suit-case that had preceded me by express, also my case of artistic materials, and various bundles of provisions, all ready to be conveyed with myself upon my arrival to the cottage. And so, whether it was by inadvertence or sheer laziness, or the social instinct which is strong in me that longed for a little gossip with my friend, or all of these influences combined, I cannot precisely say—but I fell. I got into the boat at the Flanders' wharf, and instead of tramping that last quarter of a mile, as I should have done, so that I could say, literally and exactly, looking every man squarely in the eye,—and woman, too,—as the words were uttered, "I walked all the way from the front door of my Germantown house, Philadelphia, Penna., to the back door of my Sunapee, N. H., cottage, crossing the Hudson River only excepted." I am now obliged, shamefacedly, to confess, "I sat in a row-boat and was rowed the last quarter of a mile." But the sin, if sin it be, lacked mortality.

That night surely was the happiest of all during the journey that had preceded it, for the pleasures and perils of the road safely passed, alone and unattended, prepared by myself I ate my frugal supper. I slept the sleep of perfect contentment and external peace in my own bed, under the hemlock-shaded roof and by the gently lapping waters of Lake Sunapee.

And so ends this chapter of the adventures of one who dares to call himself The New Gentleman of the Road, but whose real name, and without cavil or peradventure, is

HERBERT WELSH.

MY SIXTH annual long walk from the winter home in Germantown to the summer one on the shores of Lake Sunapee, New Hampshire, began at 5.15 o'clock Monday morning, May 17, 1920, and has continued triumphantly to this point. But under enlarged and more difficult circumstances, though much more pleasant ones, was it begun, all the previous ones having been solitary and masculine, while this counted three persons beside myself in the company, and those three of the gentler sex. Such changes do these post-bellum days bring forth.

I made my calculations as to the hour of departure with even more care than usual, seeing that so many others beside myself must be taken into account, so that the chances of mistakes and hitches were so much increased. A heavy bag on my back, two blankets rolled with a waterproof poncho slung across the right shoulder, and an extra pair of "trot-moc" shoes across the left, a light staff in my hand—these were my equipment.

The morning was as fresh and as beautiful as an unusually cool besprinkled spring could afford. Dr. Mary Mason, my friend for many years, practical humanitarian, traveler, and experienced Tyrolean pedestrian, with Dorothy Whipple, of Vermont, also a good walker for her years, who had shown pluck in tramping with me in New England hills, now my secretary and ready helper, were to meet me at the junction of Main Street and School Lane. But I was seven minutes ahead of time, and as they did not appear after a long glimpse down the lane, I walked westward to meet them. After two blocks the two well-known figures, Miss Mason, in black, the taller, Dorothy Whipple, in brown khaki, came cheerfully in sight.



DR. MARY TAYLOR MASON

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A cheerful greeting for me, steps retraced, and then up the line of Greene Street, spring foliage reflecting an early morning sun, to Washington Lane we went, and thence to the main street, where the last member of our little party was to be picked up. And there we found Miss Ruth Fischer, daughter of Adalbert Fischer, and pupil of the Friends' Coulter Street School, awaiting us. No hitch, no misunderstandings as to time and place so far on the part of any member of the party, three of which, be it remembered, were female.

But Ruth Fischer's ruck-sack, one would have said to lift it, weighed a ton. Twenty-four hours later and the too-heavy poncho, and $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen bath towels which it contained, went back by parcel post.

Straight out Washington Lane, in the growing heat and light, past Jenkintown and Bethayres, to the Swedenborgian Cathedral we went. The distance was about 12 miles. Shortly after passing Jenkintown we came to golf links on the right of the road, where we had a pleasant rest and ate some lunch that I had carried in my bag. Certain slices of raisin bread which Mary McGoff, our cook, had prepared, made a most acceptable contribution for the occasion.

When we were but a short distance from our destination, but when it was hidden from sight by intervening hills and the spring foliage, Miss Mason, a little ahead of the others, inquired the road from a lady seated in a summer-house belonging to a fine country mansion hard by. She kindly invited us to pass through their place, following a path that would soon bring us to the Cathedral, with its adjoining grounds. Here are the Theological Seminary of the Swedenborgian Church, dormitories of the students, and professors' houses.

We stopped for a few moments, before reaching our destination, at the rear of the lovely residence to which our guide of a few moments previous belonged, to get some cool drinking water and to make sure of the path across the fields. A colored girl from Virginia, "the old Dominion," served us, and with the mistress of the house itself we had a pleasant chat. The house

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was built on the side of a steep hill, and in the rear of it picturesque lines of rock cropped out of the grassy bank, the gray stone covered with masses of delicate pink flowers. Just beyond a meadow lay smooth and inviting, and over it ran our path, losing itself in a fringe of timber, budding and full-leafed. Rising above the tree-tops, pointing upward to the blue sky, was the Gothic tower of the Cathedral. Exquisitely beautiful, exciting to the imagination as some mediaeval architectural gem of the old world, it was—a sight with us as novel as it was charming. We might without much stretch of fancy have been modern Canterbury pilgrims or have been nearing Salisbury or York Minster in old England!

We reached the Cathedral at about 11 o'clock, but before we actually got there the road passed beneath large shade-trees which overhung the quiet houses of the community of which this central church of the Swedenborgian communion is the focus. The building itself is made out of stone of a delicate cream color, reminding me of that of which the Parisian hotels are constructed, and which was chosen, after careful search elsewhere, in the immediate locality. The site of the Cathedral is admirably suited to the beauty of the structure, and it commands a far-reaching view of the surrounding landscape—hills, vales, affluent homes, forests, clothing themselves in all the mysterious power of the returning year.

The church is finished to a point which renders the visitor complete satisfaction, as to its main design, for it shows the substance of what the architect had in mind. A number of the graceful pointed Gothic windows are glazed with rich, clear, varied colors; the organ is in place; the sanctuary fittingly adorned; the stalls and pews are there; services are regularly held, but many years must elapse, so Mr. Cooper, the superintendent, informed me, before all details are done. We spent perhaps twenty minutes in the interior by the courtesy of Mr. Cooper, free from the heat and dust of travel, deeply moved by the ancient spirit of Gothic architecture springing into life, freely, unexpectedly, in the countryside near Philadelphia, the

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very existence of which is almost unknown even to the most cultured portions of our people.

As one stands facing the choir from any portion of the main aisle the stained glass of the great window behind the sanctuary, especially on a day of sunshine such as was that of our visit, presents to the eye a glorious harmony of vivid color. But the excitement produced thereby is balanced and subdued by rays of violet light which are given by the two side windows glazed with panes of plain blue and red glass. This light, falling on the very heart of the sanctuary, about which are seven great golden candlesticks, creates a perpetual tender haze, as though the smoke of incense, burned in censers that had swung in some high ceremonial just ended, still floated there.

We thanked Mr. Cooper for all the trouble to which our visit had put him, and at a little after noon started on our three-mile way to Hatboro. Dusty and hot it was, and by the time we were moving happily into town toward rest and dinner at the inn, the elusive prospect also of meeting our friend Harrison S. Morris, who was to have come thither by automobile, Ruth Fischer had eased aching shoulders of the inordinate weight of her ruck-sack. The same was gracefully suspended by its straps, caught on the one side by her left hand and on the other by Miss Mason's right, benevolently extended.

We had an excellent dinner and a most welcome one at Hatboro Inn, at a reasonable price, and the quiet and cool of the rooms were most grateful after long exposure to the glare of the sun and highway dust.

Mr. Morris was to have met us here, but this item of our plans failed, I am sorry to say—I think he must have been under a strange illusion as to the speed that we walkers were capable of, for my party carried out our part of the bargain exactly. We started at the hour agreed upon and got to Hatboro, in view of our visit to the Cathedral, quite as early as we expected. But upon my calling at the Library I found that my friend had left a note for me stating that he had reached there three hours earlier, and that he had waited two hours, and then,

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despairing of finding us, had gone home. The speedy automobilist finds it hard to grasp the limitations of the pedestrian.

Dinner over, we were soon on the road again. At a point about a mile beyond the town we espied an inviting spot for the afternoon rest and sleep so necessary to the conservation of energy on such a long walking journey as this: a green meadow to the right of the highway, with twin clumps of old cherry trees sufficiently separated from the road and from each other to secure privacy for the whole party and to the ladies from me. Then my blankets came into play, while quiet and sleep refreshed all concerned, between the hours of 2 to 4 o'clock. I was indeed surprised and pleased at the way in which the ladies stood the strain of this first day's walk, which was longer than I had supposed it would be. We made a little over 20 miles.

But about 5 o'clock we sat down in a grassy spot by the roadside to rest. It was quite near to a neat white cottage, where Miss Mason learned, from a pleasant young married woman, its mistress, where it was possible, from a larger and neighboring farm-house, to get a large pitcher of good milk and this at a moderate price.

Miss Mason had developed during the day's journey a severe foot-blister. The nearest hotel was several miles further on. As the responsible head of the party, I judged that it would be a good thing to try to obtain lodgings at the little white cottage that had placed itself so happily in our path. The ladies were agreeable to the arrangements, and so was Mrs. Walton, the mistress of the house. There were some slight inconveniences attending the improvised plan, but they were not unsurmountable. And there we had shelter, food, rest, and sound sleep until the bright morning of May 18th.



Miss DOROTHY O. W. WHIPPLE

THE morning of May 18th, slightly misty, but with the promise of a fair day, found me in the attic of Mrs. Walton's wayside cottage, wide awake and planning for the immediate future by 6 o'clock. It is a different and much sterner outlook when you have three ladies on a long walk as your responsibility, instead of your single masculine self, no matter how reliant and efficient may be your charges. I felt the difference, but tried to face the task with courageous faith. But I owed the substantial comfort of that tiny room under the shingles, through which peeped here and there pin-points of daylight, to the energy and initiative of the youngest member of our group, Dorothy Whipple. She it was who, seeing I was about to be exiled to sleep on the barn floor, used her influence with success to have an unused cot set up with sheets and a blanket in this unthought-of corner of the house, and with her own hands carried water and other appurtenances for the improvised bed-room.

Our party met, bright and refreshed, about 7.30 o'clock at the breakfast table. I approached our hostess with some curiosity on the question of our collective indebtedness. She very modestly asked: "Will \$10 be too much?" I thought that certainly it would be, in view of very cramped quarters and food limitations. Six dollars would have been ample. I parried the question by saying that I would leave the matter in Miss Mason's hands, and quickly withdrawing, packed my effects in the attic. I did well, as very soon, and without our landlady raising any objections, by Miss Mason's diplomacy the bill was reduced to \$8.

This second day, after the opening one of a 20 miles' journey, might prove a test of individual endurance and also of the party's cohesion, even though the distance to be covered was much smaller. About 10 miles it was to New Hope. We got through all right, but not without the sacrifice of cohesion. Miss

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Mason suffered, I fear, severely with the blistered foot,—in old times that was often a frequent experience with me,—and her method of operation under the trial was, as she felt it to be, the best suited to her own need. Instead of limping for ease, going slowly and resting often, she went forward with a speed that left the two girls and me, the veteran, far behind. At last our friend was clean out of sight, and it was not until we were getting into the limits of New Hope, and between 1 and 2 o'clock in the day, that we espied, far ahead of us, the solitary, erect, quick-moving figure of Miss Mason, with the little tawny colored satchel hanging down behind over the black dress, outlined against the pale, sun-smitten, dusty road.

Meanwhile Ruth Fischer and Dorothy Whipple, the former under the killing weight of the greatly overloaded ruck-sack, after they had climbed the long hill that culminates in the sweet old Quaker Meeting House of Buckingham, with its delightful oak grove and distant prospect, naturally craved a ten-minute rest. The peace and charm of that tranquil spot, which I have seen during my long annual migrations under such varied circumstances in time of day and weather, were charming. Several years ago I passed here under a drenching shower and over roads almost impassable with mud, just about sunset.

On reaching New Hope we had to bid a hurried farewell to Miss Mason, who, much to our regret, left us to cross the bridge over the Delaware and take at Lambertville the first afternoon train to Philadelphia.

We succeeded, most fortunately, in getting pleasant accommodations at Mr. McCauley's hotel, where I had so often before been well cared for, and this though the hotel was virtually closed. That evening we went by appointment, walking for half a mile or more up the tow-path by the placid waters of the canal, which reflected in part the rosy sunset sky and bluish green and mauve shadows of interlacing foliage, to take supper with Mrs. Don Davenport. Close to her cottage door, on the short-cropped grass, stood the table, just as it had done a year ago, the canal embankment above on one side and on the other

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the water of the broad river quietly slipping by to the sea. Evening peace, delicate refreshment after heat and exertion, sprightly, entertaining conversation, all were the hospitable gift of a good hostess, not to me alone, who had often enjoyed them, but now also to my two young friends, whose intelligence and energy made them appreciate and profit by the opportunity. Mr. Davenport came in later fresh from the primaries, when, noticing my Hoover button, he told me he had recorded his preference for that presidential candidate. We bid an early farewell to our friends, and made our way cautiously back in the starlit gloom to bed and sound sleep.

Wednesday, the nineteenth, having persuaded Ruth Fischer to send some of her unnecessary baggage home by parcel post, we began, at an hour not unduly early, our way up the Lehigh Canal to Easton. A lovely walk of two days it was, and one that to those who cannot get across the sea to Holland, I heartily commend. Weather favored all the way, as well as the smooth and even tow-path. We stopped just for a moment to say farewell and pay our party call to Mrs. Davenport.

A little farther up, crossing one of the many bridges that at intervals span the canal, we stopped at the inviting home of Mr. Lathrop, the well-known landscape painter, to inquire after him, in view of his serious illness. We had a most cordial reception from his excellent wife. Her husband has been confined to bed for weeks with serious heart trouble, due to over-exertion shoveling snow last winter, and to taking other extreme exercise. This was despite his physician's orders. A grief this surely is to his friends and to the lovers of his noble artistic talent. We would gladly have lingered for days in this artistic colony instead of the half-hour which was all that we could afford. Mrs. Lathrop most kindly took us over to the studio of her near neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Colt, where we were received with much simple cordiality, notwithstanding the marked disfavor shown us by a very handsome German police dog, who, happily, was well chained. There were a number of fine landscapes, simple countryside scenes, pure and true in color, firm

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in outline, hanging on the walls of Mr. Colt's studio, which made me wish that I could have lingered there the more to enjoy them and the further to explore the recesses of the studio. But the growing day warned us to begone. The police dog made one last and ineffectual attempt, with wolfish eyes and gleaming fangs, to fall upon us, as his mistress, deprecating his incivility, bade us the most courteous of farewells.

The long walk up the canal that quiet, warm summer day was most charming. We passed through scene after scene, vista opened upon us after vista, and then closed, which, after a certain order of sylvan beauty, were perfect in their way. The water-color artist would find himself happy here, wandering and busy, day after day, at this season of peonies, and tender green, of innumerable violets, gladiolus, and bright yellow dandelions fringing the tow-path on either side. There were the graceful lines of trees of many kinds, great and small,—oak, buttonwood, willow, dogwood,—on the last starry white blossoms pierced the deep green within. Frogs sunning themselves unseen by us in the long grass by the water's edge, startled one by their sudden plunge below the surface. Several times a water-snake fretted the surface, by swiftly darting just beneath it to his hole in the bank. One of these creatures, very large,—about four feet in length,—with brown stripes girdling his fat body, was clearly seen in the sunlight as he swam for his muddy lair.

Those people who are tired with a winter's unbroken routine might happily vary it and take a holiday, following, as we did, this winding, secluded, dustless canal from New Hope to Easton.

That evening we put up at a first-rate, old-time country hotel, the Warfield House, at Frenchtown, on the Jersey bank of the Delaware, where we got clean and comfortable rooms and excellent table fare for a moderate expenditure. Not one of our company, now reduced to three, but what thoroughly enjoyed easing the back of its heavy burden, getting the refreshment of cool water, a really bounteous and appetizing supper, and then sinking into a cool, clean bed and forgetfulness.



MISS RUTH FISCHER

AFTER passing a comfortable and refreshing night at the Warfield House, Frenchtown, N. J., and satisfying the claims of a reasonable bill, our pedestrian party, now reduced to three persons, Ruth Fischer, Dorothy Whipple, and myself, as cicerone, recrossed the bridge over the Delaware and got back again to the Pennsylvania side of the river and to the peaceful, secluded tow-path of the Lehigh Canal. Happy change after the dust and inequalities of the highway!

But some unpleasant questionings arose in my mind, which, however, I kept to myself, owing to some stiffness and pain discernible in the muscles of the left leg below the knee. Six or seven years ago that same unruly member became so lame on the long walk from Sunapee to Milford, Pa., that I was obliged to cut off the final 100 miles and take the train home. The cause then was a too liberal use of heelless tennis shoes. But that trouble in time was overcome. During the past winter, however, slight stiffness, probably rheumatic, had given annoyance. I now limped and suffered somewhat, but a courageous, enthusiastic attitude of mind largely dispelled fears of worse things. Meanwhile the two girls pulled ahead of me. This I encouraged, for Ruth Fischer, her four days now being up, had to take the Pennsylvania train from Riegelsville at 2.45. No risks of missing that train must be run. And so these two well-built young bodies, swinging side by side, packs on backs, got further on toward the horizon until they passed out of sight completely, beyond a bridge across the canal and the roadway leading to it. There was a certain pleasure that came to me in seeing the activity of these young people as they left behind the old trumper. But all my nascent fears as to the dependability of that left leg were completely set at rest in the near future. Gauze bandages a little later on completely relieved the difficulty. I am glad to be able to say so, for the comfort of other trampers who may be troubled in a like manner.

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There was really no necessity for Dorothy Whipple and Ruth Fischer to hurry so—I had made one of my frequent slips in calculating the time, for even I, with my limping walk, reached Riegelsville and the railroad station on the other side of the river a good half-hour before the train came which carried Ruth back to her home and reduced the party to a young girl and an old man. Farewells were duly said, the train speeded southward, and we who were left harnessed ourselves afresh,—10 pounds to the woman and 25 to the man,—paid our bridge toll, crossed again to the tow-path, and resumed our way, flower besprinkled, shaded with arching branches, toward Easton.

I have found it of great advantage in the many long trips that I have taken on foot to rest systematically for an hour or an hour and a half during the afternoon. For that reason I deem it well worth while to laden myself with an army blanket, which, tightly rolled up, the waterproof poncho inside, hangs at the left side, attached to a stout cord which goes over the right shoulder. Even more necessary I deemed this rest for the young woman pedestrian, whom I must see safely over the long way to distant Lake Sunapee. For her I carried inside my own a small, light gray blanket. For protection from rain or damp, when lying upon the ground, she carried inside her Camp-fire Girl's knapsack a light waterproof poncho. As it was too early in the season for canal boats to be running,—we saw not one of them in motion during all this part of the journey,—we had only to choose a spot by the water's edge, made comfortable by sufficient grass, to find a suitable and uninvaded resting-place. A poncho next to the earth and a blanket for each provided the wherewithal for complete and refreshing rest, with a good hour of sleep, sound as though taken under the conditions of civilized convention. But just facing me, before forgetfulness, was the bright afternoon sky, verging toward the close of a fair day, mirrored on the waters of the canal, and on the far bank, outlined against the glowing west, were some sylvan buildings and beautiful trees clothed in living green.

Rest-time over and burdens resumed, we tramped on through

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the fading day. Twilight, with increase of purple shade and then the clear, starlit night. It was 9 o'clock when we reached Easton and quite dark. We found good accommodations at the Hotel Karlton. That day we had walked, according to our calculations, 25 miles. Dorothy Whipple, with her twenty years and comparatively small pedestrian training, seemed the following morning perfectly rested and ready for the fray. Much comfort was there to be found in accumulating evidence of vigor and endurance thus given me that she would stand the strain of the whole journey.

On the morning of Friday, the twenty-first, the sky was dark, and the wet pavements showed that considerable rain had fallen during the night. We got on the road about 11 o'clock. Our objective now was the Water Gap and then Milford. We were following the Delaware River northward; then it would be the Hudson, and after that the Connecticut. That day, for the midday meal, we made Martin's Creek. I remembered from a former trip that there was a good auto-inn at the forks of the road. The inn was still there, but it had changed management and had quite fallen from its high estate. There were workmen from a neighboring quarry or stone industry of some sort, who, judging from the noisy, incoherent talk as they clustered about the bar in a room adjoining ours, had been partaking of something stronger than "near beer." But we had eggs and coffee and bread, doing fairly well for a dinner.

Then on the road again, the road to the right of the hotel, and an interminable pull up the long hill, which seemed endless, on the road to "Stone Church." That hill finally surmounted, we viewed in sunlight—seemingly safe for fair weather until the close of the day—a broad, rolling, fresh spring landscape. But cumulus clouds, prophetic of showers, hung here and there over the horizon. The rest hour had come, and there was some search for a suitable place. It was finally found where a green lane and shading trees intersected the main road. There was a hotel where we hoped to put up for the night some three miles ahead. We were destined not to reach the hotel. As I lay with

my head under my blanket my ear caught the sound of incessant growling and grumbling of distant thunder. It came from the line of hills to the west, some four or five miles distant. But a careful scrutiny of the sky at that point revealed only a sunny bank of clouds there, apparently quite harmless. But I knew what that ceaseless contention of thunder meant, and hastily awakening Dorothy Whipple, blankets and stuff were gotten together, packed with speed, and we were on the road. Would the storm go round or come our way? The latter it did, in a surprisingly short space of time. It would be impossible for us to cover the three miles to the hotel before it broke. In a few minutes a dark purple mass of angry vapor had spread from the horizon to the zenith, obscuring completely the sun. From it the lightning flashed constantly. As it came nearer the cloud was torn and twisted by the violence of the wind into strange, grotesque forms. It had almost reached us when we found ourselves close to a large, solid, brick farm-house, with a prosperous air, and close to it a capacious barn and outbuildings. I asked Dorothy Whipple what she thought we had better do? "Seek shelter in this house," she said at once. Fortunately just at that moment two men were coming in from working in the fields, driving two horses in a large wagon. The older man, the owner of the farm, was "Al" Butz, as he is familiarly known, and the younger, his assistant, was Harold Strause. Mr. Butz is about fifty-seven, and young Strause is, I believe, about twenty years of age. In reply to my loud call to know if we could come in,—the thunder made it difficult to be heard,—Harold called out, "Sure!"

Adjoining the house was a small smoke-house, lighted with but one window, and furnished only with a rough wooden table. Into this I persuaded Dorothy Whipple to go for shelter and went myself. There was a metal roof which connected the smoke-house with the house proper, protecting a small space above both buildings from rain.

Soon Mr. Butz, having put away his horses in the barn, joined us in the smoke-house. Harold Strause also came, but

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being tired from the day's work, sat down to smoke a cigarette on the bricks under the metal roof not more than three feet from the open doorway of the smoke-house. The storm had reached its full violence, when suddenly came a blinding flash of light, and with it a very sharp explosion. An instant later I heard a slight groan. Rushing out with Dorothy Whipple, we saw the young man, who had evidently received a violent shock from the electric current, tottering as he sat on the ground, his face pale, his mouth partly open, unconscious evidently. He would have fallen had not my companion and I, supporting the full weight of his body under either arm, lifted him to his feet and dragged him with much difficulty into the smoke-house.

Mr. Butz, who seemed to regard the situation rather humorously, said: "Set him on the table." But that was impossible. We laid him on the floor, raising his head slightly by means of some old rags which we found in a dark corner. It was an hour before the young man recovered partial consciousness, under the nursing of Dorothy Whipple, who gave him cold water to drink as he lay there helpless, put wet bandages on his temples, and later on made him drink some hot coffee, made out of what we carried with us and boiled over the kitchen stove. We were much relieved by his recovery, for when we first saw him after the accident we supposed that he was dead or dying. He was extremely grateful for this little kindness and said: "I used to be in the electrical business, but I never thought a thing like this would happen to me."

As the storm continued, though much abated, Mr. Butz kindly permitted us to enjoy the shelter of his house for supper, and finally consented to let us pass the night there. All of which had some amusing incidents connected with it that I hope to be able to narrate in a subsequent letter.

MY EXPERIENCE at the house of Mr. A. Butz, the beginning of which brought my last letter to a close, was one of the strangest and most dramatic that I have ever had, both as to the natural disturbance of the thunder-storm which occasioned it, and the curious domestic conditions in the household affording us kindly shelter which it revealed. It recalled vividly to my mind early western experiences which I had traveling with Bishop Hare among the Indians on the great Sioux Reserve west of the Missouri River, on the prairies of Dakota, from 1882-86.

No trained nurse, working at a large salary, could have been more efficiently kind than was Dorothy Whipple to Harold Strause after he had been laid low by the thunderbolt just outside Mr. Butz's smoke-house on the evening of Friday, May 21st. She gently poured a little cold water between his lips as he lay unconscious on the floor of that obscure little apartment, we then not knowing whether he would live or die, in our ignorance of such calamities. Then, as he slowly revived and complained of headache, she laid cold wet cloths upon his forehead. Later, at my suggestion, she made some coffee, taken from the small store that I carried in my bag, and got him to sip a little of that. This was when he had revived sufficiently for us to get the young man back into the front room on the ground floor of the substantial brick house lighted by two windows—quite clean and attractive it was and equipped with a large modern cooking stove. He lay there on a lounge in the early part of the evening, and, as it afterward turned out, in the same dress in which he had come from the fields, all night. This lounge was the nearest approach to a bed which that part of the house controlled by Mr. Butz contained. It was a completely bedless dwelling, excepting for those rooms that Mr. Butz had rented out to a man and his wife. These were locked up and vacant

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for the time. Just as the storm broke this man, who spoke to us pleasantly, had driven off with his horse and light rig wagon to some place five miles distant, and he did not return. Dorothy Whipple made the fire, got supper,—such as it was—our prunes and salted peanuts formed part of it,—and subsequently washed and dried the dishes. There was no woman in the household. I had much pleasant conversation at the supper table with Mr. Butz, who seemed to be a well-disposed and kindly man. I felt really grateful to him, first, for affording us the immediate shelter which we stood so sorely in need of during the extreme and dangerous violence of the thunder-storm, and then allowing us to get under cover and to take supper there, finally, when darkness came on and the rain continued, permitting us—this he did with some hesitation and only after reflection—to pass the night under his roof. In stipulating for supper he confessed there was but little food in the house. "Milk will be enough," I said, "and eggs." He had milk, but eggs he would have "to hunt." I enjoyed the milk,—it was sweet and cold,—and I, with imperfect scrutiny, did not notice what Dorothy Whipple saw or thought she saw regarding the cloth through which it was strained. But why expect extreme niceties of a man fifty-seven years old, who farms 126 acres of land, who has no female relatives in the household, who has no doubt wisely, as he feels, avoided matrimony, and who has but one aid outside or inside the house? Harold did the cooking and housework ordinarily as well as helped in the fields. Mr. Butz inherited the farm from his father. The house was built about forty-five years before, if I heard aright.

At supper and the succeeding breakfast on Saturday morning, when the air was cool and the sun shone gloriously, I asked Mr. Butz many questions about his farm work and his outlook on life generally. I gathered that all his energies were concentrated, and with success,—this kindled my enthusiasm,—in making the large farm pay. He worked from early morn to "dewy eve" with intelligent energy, and as little leakage as possible. He raised corn, wheat, rye,—not much buckwheat,—

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potatoes, beets, onions, fruits,—apples, peaches, cherries,—and for all found a good market at Easton and other neighboring towns. He put money into good modern farm machinery and good horses and stock, and managed to lay by each year several thousand dollars—about \$2000, an outside relative at a point farther on informed me.

The success thus won, and which I greatly admired, was achieved not without a sacrifice that might have staggered a less determined man. I do not say that it was not justified. The household expenses were reduced to a minimum. Nothing unnecessary went into that womanless house—bedsteads or bedding apparently, and but little in the way of food or illumination. There was but one small portable lamp and no candles. If the lamp's rays shone in one room after nightfall, and one desired to enter another, the first must remain in darkness.

In answer to my inquiry as to whether or not he was a married man, Mr. Butz told me smilingly that he had found himself very well off single; the married state was beset with difficulties and dangers; many young people no sooner got married than they wanted to be divorced. I could not but admit the truth of this assertion. Indeed, for the moment I felt almost carried away by the plausibility with which this point of view was maintained.

Mr. Butz, in answer to another question as to the value of organized religion and churches, told me that he believed in religion—that churches had to be, and that he attended them sometimes.

About 9 o'clock the question of the disposal of all hands for the short summer night was one that had to be met. My understanding clearly was that Dorothy Whipple would be allowed to sleep in one of the vacant second-story rooms. Mr. Butz had at first given his consent to that. There was no bedstead, and the floor was of uncarpeted boards, but both our ponchos and one of our blankets would make her fairly comfortable until the morning. I would sleep on the other one on the floor of the lower front room, in which Harold Strause, still weak and sup-

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perless after his electric shock, enjoyed the luxury of his lounge. Mr. Butz, who up to the time of early retirement I had supposed would have a bed of his own, might dispose of himself in the accustomed spot. But I was destined to disappointment and surprise on several of these points. The upstairs room for the young lady was not to be thought of. In a room like that, without bed or carpet, and so cold as it was after the storm, "I'd not put a dog." "Well, where then is she to go?" I asked in amazement. "Why, right down there on the floor by the stove; ain't I doing the best for you that I can?" exclaimed Mr. Butz. He had gotten from upstairs somewhere a heavy old red padded comforter, which, *faute de mieux*, served fairly well for a mattress. There lay Dorothy Whipple, uncomplainingly and doubtless profiting by the warmth of embers still glowing within the stove, dressed as in daytime. The young man rested on his lounge in much the same way, dimly conscious of his recent narrow escape from sudden death. I, wrapped in my army blanket, costume unchanged, slept on the floor. The old farmer did the same, and under similar conditions, in the back kitchen.

Before retiring I undertook to raise one of the windows of the front room so that three persons might have at least some fresh air. I was narrowly watched by my host. When I had lifted the frame a few inches above the sill Mr. Butz inquired anxiously: "You're not going to raise it higher than that, are you?" I got it up much higher without further objections. The morning came, with an exhilarating change of weather. I was out-of-doors by 4.30. The wind had gone to the northwest. There was scarce a trace of last night's storm. The sky was that of the best possible spring morning, swept clean of clouds. The rays of the early sun glittered from the rain-drops on the blades of tender green grass. I drew into my lungs the fresh, delicious morning air; I washed as best I could; I shaved; I was happy.

After breakfast and before parting from Mr. Butz and Harold, who could now limp about, but who ate nothing, I inquired my indebtedness. "I'll charge you \$2.50 for the two meals and the night's rest—just what I did those two fellows

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whose motor cycle broke down." I paid the bill without demur, and I think I came off fairly well. But a droll idea struck me at the time. What if I had replied, "All right, my friend, but what would you think if I balanced that by making a similar demand on you for trained nurse services for Miss Whipple's care of your young man when the lightning struck him, and for cook and kitchen maid service of the same young lady in the preparation of supper and breakfast and washing the dishes?"

But Mr. Butz, ignoring the most obvious facts, affected to believe that young Strause was not hit by the lightning at all, and that morning he called on him to harrow a 14-acre lot. This the young man declined, and evidently with reason, as he had eaten nothing and said he felt too weak to do the work.

We started on our journey by 7 o'clock, and reached Slatesville after an hour's rest on the side of a hill in the bright sunshine, about 2 o'clock, just in time to get at the little hotel there the leavings of a rough workmen's dinner, which, however, came not amiss. The little hotel was kept by another Mr. Butz, a cousin of our host of the previous night. He and his wife, a sweet-faced young woman of most pleasing, refined manners, received us very cordially. Soon afterward we started on our way, reaching the Water Gap and the comfortable Bridge View House, where I stopped two years before, in the early afternoon. Nothing could have been more pleasant than our treatment. The evening was lovely; we determined to spend the whole of Sunday, May 23d, there quietly. This we did, and were greatly benefited by the rest and the enjoyment of two religious services—one at the Presbyterian Church in the morning, and the other at the Methodist Church at night. Of these I want to speak more particularly in my next letter.

I WAS not at all sorry to get a full Sunday's rest at the Bridge View House, Delaware Water Gap, May 23d. I seemed to drink in quiet refreshment and a sense of peace and comfort from the moment of our arrival early Saturday afternoon in sunny warmth, until we started out again with an east wind threatening rain at 8.20 on Monday morning.

Then there was another compensation in every stoppage in the actual bodily work of getting ahead; it afforded time to write, either personal letters or those telling of the walk and designed for publication. I wrote and posted on Monday morning my first newspaper letter of this series. One has to puzzle often considerably to find the time during which work of this kind can be done.

I also occupied myself in prowling about the town—if you could call the Water Gap such—getting a pair of shoes mended by a cobbler who was located in what looked like an ambulatory lunch counter at the base of the hill, and in gathering what items of information I could pick up concerning roads and distances in the curio, soda-water fountain, and news shops which are much in evidence at the Gap.

By the expenditure of 10 cents I got from the cobbler, while the western sky was still bright over the high hills which hemmed that spot in, relief from some small, sharp-pointed nails that had worked through into my foot from a newly adjusted rubber heel.

Then, climbing the precipitous main street which I had gone down to find the shoe mender, I had a few minutes of enlightening talk with a very bright, interested woman who kept a curio shop, where I bought some picture post cards. She seemed to be most sympathetic about our expedition, and apropos of it she told me of several young English women—school teachers, I think they were—who, traveling in this

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country alone, and on some educational mission, had recently passed some time at the Water Gap. I inferred, from what my informant told me, that these English women were over in the United States with a view to studying our public schools and educational institutions. She thought they were about thirty years of age. They walked everywhere and made long excursions in various directions, going to Easton and other outlying places.

There also chanced to be at just the same time in the place a number of very likable Englishmen who had crossed the seas on a somewhat similar errand; they also were studying social conditions of the country, and were, moreover, active of body and good walkers. Though of the same nationality, they were not personally acquainted with the English women travelers until they chanced to meet them one bright day in the shop of my informant, who told me with the keenest relish of how she introduced them one to another and how, after that, the long excursions of both groups of Britannic travelers, made primarily at the cold call of duty, received by the chances of the road an added warmth and interest.

Whether any more lasting relationship resulted from the incident the good lady knew not, but at least by it several days were brightened and improved to all concerned.

Our dual company was spent that Water Gap Sunday in a manner that even the most rigid Sabbatarian could not have found fault with, while we had as much entertainment in it as I fancy the most active of Sunday motor riders often gets.

We attended no less than three religious gatherings during the day and evening—service at the Presbyterian Church in the morning, a sort of mock trial conducted by the young people in the Sunday School of the same church in the afternoon, and at night a vocal and instrumental revival and experience meeting in the Methodist Church.

Very few, even of the churchiest people to be found anywhere, can boast of more than that in a single day.

The minister at the morning service was very attractive and

pleasant, welcoming everybody at the door as they came in. I think he had to hurry off afterward to meet the needs of another service at a distant point in the afternoon, and so made this a substitute for the ordinary hand-shaking habit at the close. He was evidently a thoughtful and cultured man who, though he was handicapped by a rather indistinct delivery, produced a deep impression on a very small audience by the application of one of Henry Van Dyke's stories to carry home the idea of humility as being of more value in Divine estimation than a large amount of self-complacent performances. It was a fine piece of work, I thought.

In the afternoon, at an early hour, we attended a curious entertainment given by the young people of the Christian Endeavor in the Sunday-school rooms of the Presbyterian Church, an announcement of which had been made at the morning service. It was after the order of a mock trial, in which the forms of legal procedure were carefully and amusingly preserved. A young man connected with the organization, of intelligent and winning appearance, was put upon his trial for "robbing God," to quote the Old Testament phrase.

There were the prosecuting attorney with his indictment, and the attorney for the defense, the witnesses on both sides, etc. The young man's character for moral uprightness was shown, so far as I could see, to be excellent. Nevertheless, he was finally convicted of the alleged crime.

It was hard to see how any Christian truth, consistent with the teaching of the New Testament dispensation, was enforced by this performance.

In starting on our journey at 8 o'clock on Monday morning, as we passed the post-office I recognized the attractive looking young man of most ingenuous countenance who had been convicted of "robbing God." I hailed him with some humorous reminder of his situation on the previous day. He returned my salutation most amiably, and with naive simplicity assured me that I must not think there was anything serious in that matter!

On Sunday evening there was a sort of union rally at the little Methodist Church, in which nearly everybody of at all religious disposition took part. It was marked by true evangelistic fervor and various old-time demonstrations of emotion during its long course of two hours or more. Song and exhortation, prayer and personal testimony, amens, hallelujahs, and the right hands shot swiftly skyward—all were there.

The meeting was conducted mainly by a tall, strong-featured, singing evangelist who came from a distance, and who, I think, was a Welshman. He was evidently sincere and earnest, and he lifted his robust baritone voice with the greatest unction, whether in Scriptural songs or exhortations to repentance and amendment of life.

We got back to our lodging-place and to bed that night not much before 10.30 o'clock. It was the ending of a most satisfactory day. Physical rest had prepared us for the labors of the opening week, and we had had as much spiritual exercise and diversion as any ordinary Christian woman or man ought to be expected to indulge in.

I ROSE at 5.30, and had breakfast at 6.30 with Dorothy O. W. Whipple on Monday morning, May 24th, in the otherwise empty dining-room of the Bridge View House, Delaware Water Gap. How almost incredible does that transcript from my diary of the long walk of 1920 sound to my own ears after an interim of three months passed in "Min Afon," my summer cottage by the Lake. Here the partitions are not only thin, but of sounding-board quality, and here my good wife and equally excellent married daughter Dorothy (Mrs. Andrew Imbrie) rule the household, rather than I. At "Min Afon" that rule is in the interest not of early rising and breakfast betimes, but of late getting up and of breakfast nominally at 8 o'clock. Even this luxurious hour usually steals on to twenty minutes or half-past.

Is there a single reader whose sympathies I can covertly awaken to the hitherto unrevealed miseries of my position? The glorious freedom of the "friendly road," to quote Grayson, left me early in July when Mrs. Welsh, a retinue of skilled and amiable domestics, and later a number of the loveliest members of our immediate family, including a charming and most intelligent grandson of two years and three months, arrived, bringing to the cottage civilization and order of an irrefragable kind.

It was all as it should be, and I am the better for it in many ways. But one delightful bit of freedom that I shall not cease to mourn for a season in the seclusion of my own mind is inability to rise at 5.30 in the morning, to dress without the torturing thought that others are robbed of their rest by mouse-like sounds and scurryings in the lower room; also that I can no longer breakfast at 6.30. These privileges are no more. Save once or twice, strict truth obliges me to declare, I did occasionally during these later months of summer steal out in the twilight before dawn to watch by the waters of the Lake the glori-

ous sun suddenly and silently come up at a certain point over Garnet Hill, tracing in an instant fantastic forms in gold and rose on the morning violet of the northern sky. All this was framed by the translucent delicate boughs of hemlocks, pines, and birch trees that grow on the promontory of our family estate. Only in this particular—and I hold it no great sin—was my promise broken, which had been unwillingly extorted from me, never to rise before 7 o'clock.

And now, having eased myself by this burst of confidence—will my reader pardon it?—I shall proceed the more easily with the story of the long walk.

Between breakfast and departure northward I finished a letter for publication, and under cloudy and very cool skies, by 8.30 of the clock, we were on the road, having been rested, gloriously refreshed, and ready for the 25 miles that lay before us, as I reckon, to Dingman's.

At the base of the hill to the right stood the neat little post-office, and there we stopped for a moment to see if letters from home awaited us, and to mail those that we had written. However, there were none and we were disappointed.

The sky was gray and sunless; it might have rained, but did not, even with the cool east wind blowing. We traveled a broad, good automobile road, but not many machines passed going north or south. Memories of former walks over it rose and took shape before the eye definitely as forgotten houses were passed or contours of country rose above the horizon.

About noon we felt the need of something to eat, and began to look about for a place to get dinner. Presently we came upon an attractive-looking auto-inn, standing under spreading shade trees to the left of the road. It was dedicated to the memory of the Maid of St. Remy—“Joan of Arc Hotel.” Why not “Jeanne d'Arc”? So I determined to risk an entrance, though I have become chary of the high-priced hostellries.

A French lady welcomed us with a friendly charm of manner that was in itself a benediction. This became more pronounced when I ventured to address her in her own tongue with the in-

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quiry as to whether something to eat could be had promptly and whether a bottle of beer of the prohibition variety, strictly legal, and duly destitute of alcohol, might also be expected.

With the most consummate address of our hostess we were led to believe that every reasonable wish could be satisfied and that even the beer would not be overlooked.

My diary records the fact that "\$2.50 was paid for the apology of a dinner, but that it was helpful, nevertheless." We had some good hot soup, bread, and a slice of canned roast beef, no vegetables, but peaches preserved in some form, and strong coffee.

I made several further inquiries about the beer, to each of which our hostess replied with a diminished smile and a tone of lessening confidence. Its sparkle and foam never appeared, and I feel quite sure now that they never had any existence. It matters not; the dinner did its work quite as well as a more sumptuous and a less costly one could have done.

Mile after mile we traveled easily in the gray and chilly afternoon, resting once for ten minutes and eating two hard-boiled eggs. During this time a shower fell, sufficient to make us stop at or near Bushkill to undo the blankets that I carried and to put on the waterproof ponchos.

We asked permission, which was most cheerfully granted by the lady of the house, to avail ourselves of the shelter of her porch so as not to get wet while performing this evolution. A bright bit of conversation followed, in which she told us that she had passed several weeks in one of the leading hospitals of Philadelphia for the performance of a surgical operation which had resulted successfully. This lady showed the greatest interest in our expedition, inquiring as to the route already traveled and the still longer one ahead. It was a gleam of sunshine through the rain to note her sympathetic pleasure in the doings of two strangers with whom she would probably never meet again.

We went on our way. The rain did not last long, nor was it enough at any time seriously to incommodate foot-travelers, but

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the air was cool enough to make it not worth while to take off our ponchos and tie them up again in the roll of blankets. We made Dingman's Ferry, having traveled 25 miles that day, in time for supper, and got excellent lodging there at a reasonable figure in the Delaware House. There, as a solitary traveler two years previously, I remembered lodging acceptably.

This hotel is indeed a relic of the past by reason of its quiet refinement, its comfortable, clean rooms, nourishing table, and the spirit of hospitality that pervades it. When I stopped here in the early summer of 1918 the Misses Van Gordon kept the house. Well do I remember their courtesy and kindness then in getting up a special supper—I arrived late—and their permitting me the use of a huge stone trough and plenty of running water to wash my soiled linen after the meal, hot and comforting, was concluded. Yes, and to hang the various wet articles on a line in the warm kitchen to dry overnight so that I might be spared the misery of carrying them away wet in my ruck-sack.

The Misses Van Gordon were these blessed benevolent ladies. But on the occasion of this visit I found but one of the gentle pair remaining. As she told me, her sister had died about a year ago. She reminded me of my interest during the previous visit in the cause of German democracy, and stated that, acting on my suggestion, she had sent to the offices of our society in New York city and had gotten pamphlets explaining President Wilson's plans, in which we had coöperated, for an appeal to the people of Germany, on the basis of their own democratic uprising in 1848, in which Kunkel, Sigel, Schurz, Jacoby, and other patriots of two continents took part, to sever relations with the Prussian autocratic dynasty, and so shorten the length of the great war. And so, indeed, in God's providence, it had come about. It was pleasant to recall these memories.

That evening after supper I read aloud to Dorothy Whipple for an hour, possibly some detective story or a more serious magazine article, and then it was necessary to get a full night's rest so as to be in good shape for the labors of the morrow.

ON TUESDAY morning, May 25th, I arose at 6.15, after an excellent night's rest. Dorothy Whipple and I breakfasted well in the cool and lonely dining-room of the Delaware House. Then I paid the bill out of a \$10 traveler's check, which was accepted without question. But what advantage are these substitutes for ordinary government notes to a poor soul in my position? I have finally come to the conclusion that they are none at all, so henceforth I intend to arm myself with the necessary amount of currency and to go on my way nothing doubting. I reason thus: I have never yet had my pocket picked or suffered assault and had money taken from me on any part of the earth's surface where I have been called by business or pleasure—that does not mean that such a misfortune might not occur to-morrow. I am not boasting, but in view of a record of that kind running upward of fifty years, the chances are against it. It is wise to run the risk in the interest of directness and simplicity.

After breakfast we wrote some letters and post cards, and, with a sense of elegant leisure,—no trains or trolleys to catch on the minute,—we marched away at 9.45 o'clock. We easily made the nine miles over a beautiful road which automobilists know so well to Milford by 1 o'clock. And we dined delightfully, but most extravagantly, at Fauchère's at a cost of \$4.00, but it was well worth the expense.

Here and all through this romantic enchanted region I felt like one in a sweet and pleasant dream as the memories of more than thirty years came floating back. That was prior to the time of autos. Mr. Fauchère, founder of the celebrated house that bears his name, a French Swiss, was then alive and in the meridian of his glory as a chef of great skill. His table was justly famed all over the country. Milford then had a large permanent summer population, which has since been cut into or

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destroyed by the automobilists. My family and I, when my children were not grown up, spent a happy, but rather warm, summer there. Many of the hotel guests were then Hebrews from New York city. I used to get up at dawn and paint oil pictures on small canvases in the lovely glen on the outskirts of the town. A beautiful mountain stream sang and sparkled through it, shaded by lofty pine trees.

We two walkers passed through this glen on coming into Milford on the day of which I now write. It looked just the same as it did that time long ago, excepting that my memory of it then was in the misty freshness of the early morning, when gray, quiet light was breaking behind the tops of the pine trees.

I have another and less pleasant recollection of that summer spent in Milford, in the form of a little monument, a shaft of gray stone, set up through the enthusiasm and energy of a Presbyterian pastor, then resident in the town, to record the virtues of Tom Quick, one of the early settlers of that region. If I remember correctly,—I am open to correction,—this pioneer of Anglo-Saxon civilization had, by his trusty rifle, the old muzzle-loader pea-ball pattern, caused the death of no less than 40 Indians—men, women, and children. He lay in wait for them and picked them off from behind bushes or trees on every convenient opportunity. This was under *lex talionis*,—lawyers will amend my Latin, if it needs the same,—as Tom's father had been shot by an Indian. My white brother seems to have gotten more than even with his adversary. I can understand Tom Quick's feeling and his method of expressing it, but what has always puzzled me was to understand the school of theology to which the Presbyterian pastor belonged who felt called on to raise a monument to a hero of that type.

I was cheered by finding three letters waiting for me in the Milford post-office. One of them was especially pleasant, since, coming from the Indians Rights office in Philadelphia, it informed me the appeal that I had sent out for contributions to the salary of Miss Almy R. Christopher had been so well answered that this is now safe until November. Miss Christopher

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is a gentle, refined Christian lady of mature years, who, for more than eight years past, acted with great acceptance as my missionary to girls who had by one cause or another been led into devious paths, but to whom a door of escape and hope by the Head of the Church had been effectually opened if they only could be persuaded to pass through it. What Miss Christopher did a number of years back toward the reformation of South Warnock Street—Hell's Half Acre, as it was called—is worth knowing, but this is not the place to do more than allude to a really great exploit, more notable in the eyes of some of us than that of Tom Quick.

In paying my bill to the very courteous and attractive lady in charge of the desk at Fauchère's hotel she aroused my interest extremely by telling me that she was the granddaughter of its founder. I could see the old man, as she spoke, as I remember him thirty-five years back, standing attired as a true French chef, with his white cap and apron, toward summer evening time, after the labors of the day were over, in his vegetable garden, lovingly regarding those onions, squashes, egg-plants, and the like which his skill on the morrow would transform into delectable dishes for the pleasure of his guests.

Alas! that on this visit there was no time to show my young protégée the many interesting and beautiful spots about Milford, the many exquisite cascades formed by streams that filter through the forests and hills to empty into the Delaware. Also there is the famous turreted château of the Pinchot family, now the home of Gifford Pinchot, who is noted for his interest and achievements in the line of political reform, but especially at this time for his advocacy of a forest policy for Pennsylvania and the country at large that will turn the balance from a consumption of timber that dangerously exceeds production to the reverse of that alarming state of affairs.

But while walkers can see some things that are lost to other tourists, there are other advantages which they must forego if they are ever to reach their journey's end, and these pleasures were of that order.

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The walk from Milford in the afternoon was delightful, our route continuing over the fine automobile road with high hills skirting it all the way on the left, while the Delaware River, sometimes seen in its placid flow, sometimes concealed by copses of timber, was on our right hand. The afternoon was lovely.

The distance from Milford to Port Jervis in the old days used to be called nine miles, while now it seems to be set down as eight or eight and one-half, apparently according to the mood of one's informant.

At the close of this tramp we crossed the long bridge that spans the Delaware River and found ourselves with quite a long distance to travel through the outlying parts of this active commercial city, which one must remember is just across the line in New York State where daylight-saving time ruled.

We were referred by a respectable-looking man whom I accosted to a good commercial travelers' hotel, which is pleasantly situated opposite the Erie R. R. station. In front of the hotel runs a business street, and just beyond that is an open space which gives a sense of freedom and airiness to the spot. I wish I could remember the name of the hotel, for I have a sense of gratitude to it. I had a large fine room with two windows opening upon the railroad station, and the clear western sky with rosy streaks of sunset lingering across its expanse, for the hour of our getting in was late. We had barely time to wash off the stains of travel and to get tidied up and into the dining-room for a good dinner when the doors were irrevocably closed on late-comers.

WHEN I awoke on the morning of Wednesday, May 26th, in my large room in the hotel Port Jervis, facing the Erie Railroad station, after a perfect night's rest, there was added pleasure in finding that the day was clear and cool, with a northwest wind. That promised good conditions for walking. I rose at 6.15, and after a good substantial breakfast—one eats for the future on such a journey—Dorothy Whipple and I went at once to the post-office to see if there were any letters, but at the general delivery window the clerk said there were none. However, he told us that a Philadelphia mail was due at 10 o'clock. Back we went at that hour to find a letter from Matthew K. Sniffen, Secretary of the Indian Rights Association, and my faithful and efficient co-worker in Indian and all other kinds of reform enterprises for the past thirty-seven years. There were interesting enclosures in this letter, but not the \$50 draft from the Pennsylvania Company with which I wanted to fortify my shrinking pocketbook before starting out to make the 30 miles of desert land—financially speaking—that lay between me and General Washington's headquarters on the Hudson, Newburg. Mr. Sniffen stated plainly that the draft was on the way,—or \$50 in United States bank notes, rather,—but it was clear that it had not yet come. I had but \$30 left, which, while more than enough to cover my needs had I been alone, I feared might not be enough to meet the needs of two persons in these last days of soaring prices.

Always a little disposed to overanxiety and to worry, now that I was responsible for the safety and comfort of a young woman, I felt especially scrupulous about running preventable risks. Of course, we could have waited until the next mail with a reasonable certainty of the money coming by it, but that would have incurred a bigger hotel bill and the loss of fine weather and precious time. I compromised by trying to see if

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I could cash a check for \$25 in a Port Jervis bank on the strength of my fine letters of introduction. But this only meant further loss of time. The cashier, while all smiles and politeness, very justly referred decision to the bank president, who did not appear during the full half-hour that we were kept waiting. It was maddening, so we quietly walked on. We left word that the precious letter, when it came, should be sent to await us at the Newburg post-office; and there in due time we rejoiced to get it.

At 11 o'clock, all the early morning hours being lost, we started for Middletown, N. Y., by the Slate Hill route. Slowly but surely we pulled up four miles of a fine mountain, a broad, good auto road all the way, under the cheeriest wind-swept May sky—almost September, it seemed, so fresh and invigorating was the atmosphere. Round and round wound the road, with many a false show of reaching the top before that was actually attained.

As we were making one of these big loops, skirting a little wooded gorge of the mountain, our eyes were gladdened by the sight of a new farm, freshly cut out of the timbered slope. There was a small house, neat and attractive looking, set down on the far side of the clearing, while about it lay an acre or so designed for farming. On this a young man and a young woman, evidently his wife, were driving a tame old white horse attached to a plow that made deep furrows in the brown earth. It was an unexpected picture that broke pleasantly the monotony of the long pull up hill. I could have shouted with delight at the sight, but I restrained myself, and was contented with calling out "Good-day" to the man, and asking him what were his prospects for the crops this season. He answered pleasantly enough, confessing that he was a new hand at that kind of work, having recently come with his wife and little girl from New York City to benefit his health by an open-air occupation. His back ached a little now by handling the plow, he told me, speaking in a slightly foreign accent, from which I gathered that he was German, or possibly Norwegian or Swedish. We

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wished him the best of luck with the new venture, and, refreshed by this sight and interchange of greetings, went on our way.

We got over the top of the mountain at last, and out into a more level space of country to where a gang of workmen were repairing the road with pitch or some very strong-smelling stuff. It was between 12 and 1 in the afternoon, and there was need for food and rest after that. Just opposite to where the men were working with their cart and black, malodorous material, which ran on the road in streams, was a small farm-house perched on a high bank that rose precipitously on the near side of the highway. There was a fair promise of getting something to eat in that house, and just where we were there were shade and a cleanly seat.

I urged Dorothy Whipple to reconnoiter at the back door of the house. She is first rate at that kind of thing, as cool and successful as Dr. Mary Mason had been at another little white frame-house in Bucks County, Pa., on the first day of the walk. Meanwhile I took things easily under the trees, freed from my pack and blankets, and cheered by the prospects of refreshments. The old folks at home often joke me about my lazy habit of getting any one to work for me who will. My envoy soon came back with a great pitcher of fresh milk, hot buttered bread, and hard-boiled eggs. We had to pay but a little more than a quarter of a dollar for the whole, and it was first rate. The young woman who served us so well, Dorothy Whipple reported, was French; she could speak no English. Her little daughter acted as interpreter. They were most civil and kind. They were newcomers, and were cultivating quite a large farm most industriously. The woman herself was quite young and evidently very active.

After our rest, which was taken when dinner was over, under apple trees radiant in the spring sunshine, with a perfect galaxy of starry pink and white blossoms, as we marched on our way we saw her, dressed in semi-masculine attire, working with her little girl, planting or weeding lettuce off in a long furrow on

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the opposite side of the road. She had certainly done her full duty by the two wanderers, so I shouted out lustily: "Merci, au revoir!" The salute was returned.

We hoped to reach Slate Hill by supper-time, and that we did. All the earlier part of the afternoon, tramp, tramp, along the dusty highway we went, with Slate Hill still ahead. How bright and beautiful it was, and how richly productive all nature seemed!

When we were about two miles from our destination we were overtaken by a young man in an automobile. He stopped to talk with us, much interested in our project, and, like most commercial travelers with whom I have come in contact, was very intelligent and of a friendly spirit. He found it hard to believe that we really intended walking all the way to New Hampshire. He was from New York City, and was, I think, in the grain business. He was going to pass the night at Slate Hill, and told us of a good lady there, whose name I forget, but for convenience will call Mrs. Perkins, who, while she had given up keeping a boarding-house, would give meals to transient guests.

We entered Slate Hill in good season—about 6 o'clock, I thought. I had never seen any place look more attractive than it did as we walked through its broad street, its fresh spring verdure brightly illuminated by the sun, which was still high and mighty. We found, without difficulty, Mrs. Perkins enjoying the afternoon seated on her porch in the company of friends. She was wholly deaf to my appeal for supper, but reassured us by saying that there was a Presbyterian tea going on in the second floor of the building, on the opposite side of the street. We lost no time in going to the place indicated, and to the exact spot we made our way by walking up an inclined plane which had evidently been intended for horses and wagons to ascend into the upper story of a barn or storehouse. Upon the wooden floor were nailed transverse wooden slats to prevent the horses from slipping. At the top of this wooden entry we

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found on the right a spacious room, in which were stored a light driving carriage, a sleigh, bags of grain, and like material.

On the left was a large auditorium, which evidently served for concerts, lectures, Sunday-school exercises or festivals. There was a platform in it and a large piano at one end. At the other side we looked upon the cheering spectacle of a long table at which were seated a company of happy, well-behaved children of varying ages and sizes. They were being served with coffee, milk, salad, and different kinds of food by ladies at whose head were two kind and efficient sisters, a Miss Kirby and her married sister.

It seemed as though all this good cheer, social sympathy, and kindness had been especially designed for the delectation of two complete strangers. Without a moment's hesitation we were admitted to the circle of the Presbyterian tea, fed and well cared for in every way. We were told that the cost to each guest was reckoned on the basis of age,—a cent for a year,—so that a child of seven years might eat all he wanted for 7 cents, and one of thirteen for 13 cents. That seemed a fine idea, and I readily agreed to it. For my party, as Dorothy Whipple had lived twenty, and I, according the best calculations, sixty-eight years, I said I would gladly pay 88 cents for the supper of both of us, and so I did.

The grain merchant who had overtaken us earlier in the afternoon and who was the indirect means of our being received at the Presbyterian tea sat at table just opposite me. He recognized us at once and was most friendly and agreeable. In the course of conversation he used an odd expression, which made me think of the prairies of the far West: "When I saw you folks 'hoofing' it I thought you must be going a long ways." I hope he did not suspect us of having *horns* as well as *hoofs*, like the French peasant woman in Fontainebleau in the time of Louis Napoleon, who, on a friendly visit to Mme. Braun (a distinguished English lady, a friend of Alfred Tennyson, who with her husband had started a Protestant boarding-school for young ladies in that town by special permission of the Emperor), made

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so bold as to rub gently with her fingers under the hair of her friend's head just where it touched the forehead. The French peasant woman missed what she was expecting to find, and exclaimed with astonishment: "Mais, madame, vous n'avez pas des cornes"—"But, madame, you have no horns!" The poor woman had been told by her parish priest, a man of little education and who was opposed to the educational work of Monsieur and Mme. Braun, that Protestants had "horns," so she thought she would like to settle the matter in her own mind by personal investigation.

Not only were we indebted to Miss Kirby and her sister for our supper, but also for good lodging in Middletown that night at a reasonable rate. When I inquired of her about the matter, she told me that she had an aunt in the town, a Mrs. Bishop, who lived in apartments and sometimes had a room or two that she rented. I suggested reaching her aunt at once by 'phone, and this she did, with the result that Mrs. Bishop, on her niece's recommendation of the two walkers, at once agreed to take us in upon our arrival at Middletown. But as the distance was five miles, and we did not leave Slate Hill until nearly 8 o'clock, I asked Miss Kirby to impress upon her aunt's mind that as we were on foot, not in an auto, she need not expect us until between 9 and 10 o'clock. Not a needless precaution this, surely, when every one nowadays reckons on people moving by automobile or train, and not "on the hoof"!

And now, close on the heels of all this good fortune, came an unexpected mishap that gave me a "mauvais quart d'heure," and made me fear lest the big walk had come to an untimely end, and that not by reason of any incapacity on the part of the young, inexperienced member of the party, but due to my own, the veteran. This was the way it came about: While I was seated at supper, a window, wide open just back of me, let in abundance of cool air upon me when I was overheated. I think cold or rheumatism, or "malicious animal magnetism," must have attacked a muscle or tendon in my left leg, which earlier had threatened trouble. However that may be, this par-

ticular part of my anatomy began to behave badly the moment I rose from the table. It was stiff and painful with every motion, and by the time we had cleared the outskirts of the town the pain had become so acute that I knew some remedy must be applied or it would be impossible for me to make Middletown that night. For a moment, I must confess, grim despair confronted me; I kept a stiff upper lip, however, but made known to Dorothy Whipple my dilemma. She at once came effectively, promptly, to the rescue. Her nurse's hospital training, though never wholly completed, was not in vain. There was still plenty of light to see to adjust a gauze bandage. We were just opposite a vacant schoolhouse with grassy sward about it, and two or three fine old oak trees overhanging the spot. There I sat down and rested. I had plenty of bandage and adhesive tape in my knapsack. In a few minutes a support was so tightly applied to my lame leg that I was able to proceed with the journey at diminished but yet reasonable speed. It was like magic the way in which the pain, that at first I could scarcely bear, grew less and less, until it had almost gone.

The long twilight died into night, the stars came out brilliantly, auto lights flashed by us in rapid succession, back and forth. We were in the heart of Middletown by 9.30, excessively hot, and in need of ice-cream and plenty of cold water, which were enjoyed at a drug-store.

But what would happen if Mrs. Bishop, on account of the lateness of the hour, went to bed and locked us out? Again, blessed be the telephone! In a moment the druggist's clerk, informed of my anxiety, had that good lady on the 'phone. She understood the situation perfectly. It would be all right. And so it was. Comfortable, clean, cool lodging, and a gentle Episcopalian landlady, unknown a few hours earlier, to receive us, and then rest, sleep. Surely there is a Providential guidance to my small world!

IT WAS in Middletown, N. Y., that I opened my eyes in the dim morning light on May 27th. The weather was as warm as though it were much later in the summer. All my articles of personal apparel that had drawn moisture from the body by exertion in the heat were judiciously bestowed about the room in such manner, and at such points, as would secure most air, and the quicker become fit for use, or for packing at the time of departure. All promised well as I got fully awake and grasped the situation of this fresh day, with its individual trials, responsibilities, and pleasures. We were in Mrs. Bishop's cool and pleasant apartments on the second floor. I was in good enough walking trim; the terrible pain in that left leg below the knee that threatened for the moment a fatal blow to the entire remaining walk was gone—thank goodness! and D. O. W. Whipple's tight and skilful bandage. There was a certain amount of soreness, but nothing threatening trouble or detention. That was all to the good! There were no washing appliances in my bed-room or water—a mean situation that! Dorothy was still sleeping quietly in her room near mine. Let her rest and get all the strength she can for the day's problems and its foot journey—she deserves that for the pains she took to rescue me from my trouble—and her success; she certainly succeeded. Now I am up and moving hopefully through the devious labyrinth of unfamiliar quarters to effect ablutions in an unknown and distant bath-room. Success attended this exercise. Think of arriving *en déshabilé* at a distant bath-room to find it occupied! No place to wait, self-respect gone or imperiled, no pitcher or basin in the bed-room whence you came out. But it is all right, since this didn't happen.

But the sun was higher up than I cared for, and the day hotter, when Dorothy Whipple was ready for breakfast and we were actually eating it in the little restaurant not far from

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our rooms and close to the Erie Station. But all through that, at times, fair meal was the foreboding of trouble in cashing a small check for \$25, to put a buffer state between two lone pilgrims and possible attack by hunger and want until they reached Newburg, distant two days' journey, or three at the most. Of course, I still had some of my \$10 travelers' checks, and probably could have made out any how, but I wanted "to make assurance double sure" and to run as little risk as possible of putting my young protégée in any trying position, and myself in a mortifying one. So after breakfast we espied a nice-looking drug-store where I made some trifling purchase, asking the clerk meanwhile if he could cash a travelers' check for \$10. He disappeared to consult his chief, a fine, serious-faced man, who came forward to say that he would do it, and to chat with us about our walk. Then I told him what I wanted: a check for \$25 cashed, that would secure us against possible need until we reached Newburg, where undoubtedly a remittance of \$50, which the Pennsylvania Company in Philadelphia, my bankers, had at my request sent me to Port Jervis, but which I could not wait to obtain,—time being a precious commodity to pedestrians,—would be forwarded to me.

I had left orders to this effect at the Port Jervis post-office. I showed this kindly druggist my letters of introduction, one from Rev. Dr. Louis C. Washburn, my rector at Old Christ Church, Philadelphia, mentioning me by name, also Miss Dorothy Whipple, so there could be no doubt about identity; also another letter of general introduction signed by Rev. Dr. Rowland, of the Armenian Relief Committee, of which I for five years had been Executive Secretary. He was perfectly satisfied with these credentials, and told me to go to President Harding, of the Orange County Bank, only a short distance from there, who, he felt sure, would cash my check on the strength of these letters, or at least would do so after 'phoning to the Pennsylvania Company—at my expense, of course—to make sure that I had that amount of money to my account in the bank.

It was then about 10 o'clock in the morning, and we hoped

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that this little piece of business might soon be transacted and our journey resumed without further delay. The bank was a small but attractive building, facing what seemed to be the principal business street of the town, easily visible from the door of the drug-store. Whither we went, and, through the courtesy of one of the attendants, I soon found myself in the presence of President Harding, in a small compartment devoted to his use adjoining those of the other bank officials. He was a man of rather small stature, clear eyes, smooth-shaven face, and features which seemed to me—perhaps from the unfavorable nature of his reception—rather hard. He was inexorable in his refusal to cash my check, even for the small amount that I proposed, no matter what precautions were taken to lessen the risk to his institution. I suggested a telephone message at my cost to Mr. Newhall, in the Pennsylvania Company, which would assure him that the draft would be honored. If that were done, he might be certain in a few minutes that he would be quite safe in granting this favor. He positively refused, urging the impossibility of being quite certain that I was the Herbert Welsh that I said I was. It was the question of identity that seemed to be his stumbling-block. At the same time he professed himself perfectly willing to cash one of my travelers' checks. I pointed out the inconsistency of the two positions. How could he be sure that I had not unlawfully gotten hold of the travelers' check and was clever enough to forge the name signed upon it? Surely a telephone message from the bank in Philadelphia would furnish a guarantee practically certain that I was the man who was walking from Philadelphia to Sunapee with a young lady under my care, and that I had much more than \$25 in bank. Various letters of introduction that I offered to show Mr. Harding made the chain of evidence establishing identity complete. He seemed to feel the force of this reasoning slightly, but not enough to move from his original position. He smiled sweetly and said, "What is there in it for me?—and besides, if that check was held up, how could I ever catch up with you?" "Oh! that would be an

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easy matter," I said, with a faint but elusive gleam of hope. "If you had any trouble with that check you could catch me without difficulty at Sunapee Village, New Hampshire. I am well known there,—that is my permanent summer home,—and there would be no escape for me from making good that \$25." But all to no purpose. Mr. Harding, the bank president, was as inexorable to my argument as his illustrious namesake has proved to pleas for world peace through the expedient of a League of Nations. Bidding him farewell, as he still reiterated, "You see there is nothing in it for me," we made our way back to the druggist to see what course he would advise. He looked serious when I told him of my discomfiture, only remarking: "I thought Harding would treat you better." Then his face brightened as he exclaimed: "I'll tell you what you do; 'phone your bank in Philadelphia to wire you that money and you'll have it within an hour." A bright and happy thought, surely, and how stupid I was not to have found that out myself. It worked like a charm, and here's where having an expert telephonist like Dorothy Whipple came in handy. In a moment she was conversing easily with Mr. Newhall, explaining to him when he spoke of having sent the \$50 to Port Jervis that we could not wait for that. The explanation was quite satisfactory, and my mind was in a moment set completely at rest. I blessed the long-distance telephone which could do such wonders.

After a couple of hours' delay, part of which was passed in packing and part in recounting to good Mrs. Bishop the thrilling adventures of the morning, the commendable financial prudence of Mr. Harding, our momentary dismay, which was dissipated by the brilliant strategy of the friendly druggist, we repaired, bags on backs, to the office of the Western Union Telegraph Company. I had no sooner told my errand to the official there than I saw by the wise but reserved expression on his face that my money had surely come. Less cautious than President Harding, of the Orange County Bank, he was quite willing to accept the reasonable evidence of my identity which I carried on my person. Then he gave me an order for \$50, which was

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promptly cashed at a near-by bank—but not the Orange County one.

As we moved out of Middletown toward Goshen, our next objective, with happy, leisurely pace, passing first along a crowded thoroughfare, that warm and radiant summer afternoon—Oh! for a touch of its heat in chill November, as I look back upon it!—we were pleasantly accosted by a local newspaper man who was in search of a news item. Whether I have a natural weakness for notoriety, or only because I have had so much association with representatives of the press,—big and little,—I was glad to stop and tell him all the trivial things he wanted to know. I have a fondness for those raven-like reporters of whom the great Phillips Brooks speaks in his “Notes on Preaching,” who eagerly gobble upon the “foolish morsels” that callow ministers let fall in extemporaneous speech. Soon, free from this detention, we were moving serenely eastward along the broad highway that brought us quite early in the afternoon to the town. I had almost said, out of Old Testament remembrances, “the land” of Goshen. There occurred somewhere on the way out of Middletown one of those trifling misfortunes resulting from carelessness which distress me out of all proportion to their real importance. When a few miles beyond the town, while resting at the roadside under the shade of great trees,—it was a lovely spot,—I discovered that but a single shoe of my pair of “trot-moc” reliefs swung from the strong white cord at my side. The other, having been insecurely attached to its mate, had slipped out. Bitterly did I regret that loss. I could not afford to retrace our steps in an almost hopeless search for the missing article, and although I subsequently wrote to my friend of the local paper of Middletown to make known my loss in the hope that the shoe might be forwarded to me at the journey’s end, I heard no more of it. I bought a light pair of canvas shoes later on, but they were a poor substitute for the solid and comfortable “trot-mocs.”

All this ground which we were now going over had been traveled by me a number of times before, but it was none the

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ess interesting and delightful, and the weather was so exquisitely beautiful and suitable for tramping. We had walked but eight miles when, at 6.30, we reached Goshen—a poor record for the whole day, but I was compensated by the thought that the rest was not amiss after the pain of yesterday in that troublesome left leg. But where in Goshen should we stop for the night? We strolled past the hotel near the railway station. As it did not look very inviting, on and on we went, nonchalantly up the broad street of the fine old town, elm and maple shaded. A man of whom we inquired suggested the New Orange. It was an old hotel of which I had unpleasant memories when before I stopped there for supper. But now its management was new, and the place, as we entered to inquire, was most attractive, clean, and fresh, but the prices were prohibitive—eight dollars for lodging for two persons with supper and breakfast. We beat a retreat. A short distance down the street, on our way to the New Orange, we had remarked a fine old mansion on the left of the street. It was of the Grecian temple style of architecture, with a great portico and white wooden columns supporting it. A large man of imposing presence and gracious aspect, though a certain air of authority seemed to radiate from him, was seated on the porch of the building enjoying the fine evening. We stopped and fell easily into conversation with him. He asked whence we came and our destination. Learning that Philadelphia was our home, he said he had lived there, and he warmed toward us at once. I asked, What was this fine structure that he seemed to be guarding? It was the county jail, he said, but there were no prisoners in it at present,—probably the happy result of prohibition,—and it had many comfortable, clean, and vacant rooms. I was filled with enthusiasm, and at once inquired if by any possibility—even taking advantage of the vagrancy act, and being willing to suffer temporary detention under it—we could be lodged there for the night. We both laughed with amusement, and I with joy, at the very possibility of such luck. He thought this quite possible, in which case we would have nothing to pay. He was the

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turnkey. The sheriff, unfortunately, in whose hands such a decision rested, was absent, but he would ask the sheriff's wife. Our hopes were high at the mere chance of such good fortune, but they were dashed to the ground when the man returned to tell us that the sheriff's wife would gladly accommodate us, but that, in view of her husband's absence, she feared to take the responsibility of offering two honest travelers, against whom no charges were preferred, a night's lodging in Goshen jail. So our rainbow which glowed for a moment so brightly at the close of that May evening, and at the base of whose prismatic arch lay a buried pot of gold in the shape of a comfortable and free night's lodging, dissolved into cold mist. By our friend's advice, knowing that we desired to save expense, we sought out and stayed at Hackett's Hotel. But of our experience there my next letter will speak.

Hackett's Hotel stood far down the street on the left, bright in the May sunshine, when we reached it,—a poor apology for a hotel, surely,—untidy, out at elbows, and when we saw the condition of the bed-rooms assigned us, depressing in the extreme,—I felt like offering some excuse and seeking refuge elsewhere, even though it were a vacant lot or a wood-shed. But certainly Mr. Hackett was most amiable and he did the best he could for me, even to giving up his own room for my accommodation—and the sheets that he had doubtless used far back into the winter. Boxes of some kind of tonic—empty were the bottles they contained—stood piled up in one corner of the room by the window. As I inspected them my heart sank. A heavy winter overcoat, dusty, dreary of aspect, hung on the wall of the door, seeming materially to lessen the breathing space of the apartment. Before retiring I ventured to bestow it on a bureau in the entry. But the acutest misery of the episode was when, going to bed at night, I saw the sad appearance of the bed-clothes and lay under them. I thought of other things, and being weary, finally got to sleep. No living thing disturbed my slumbers, and with that one should be content. I think Dorothy Whipple, who slept on another floor, fared better. But

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the proprietor was a most kindly man, and told us, with a father's pride, of the musical abilities of his little daughter, who was out that evening playing the piano at some public gathering. No meals were furnished in the hotel, so we got supper that night and breakfast the next morning at a neighboring café, where we were well supplied with good food at a very reasonable price. We would not have missed putting up at Hackett's Hotel for anything, notwithstanding its limitations, in that it brought us in contact with a young man from New York city named Henry. We found him, after our supper, seated on the little porch of the hotel reading a book. He was a fine-looking young man with a very intelligent face, a fresh rosy color in his cheeks, and an air that indicated force of character and some experience with the world. His story was a thrilling one, like that of many another adventurous youth during stormy war-times. In the early days of the struggle, and before the United States had taken part in it, he enlisted in a Canadian regiment and had seen much fierce fighting in Belgium and France. Two of his brothers also enlisted. His regiment suffered terrible losses, and two of his brothers were killed. One of them, he said, who had been taken prisoner by the Germans, was horribly mutilated and left to die between the lines. Henry spoke of this without rancor, and with the same smile on his lips that marked his manner habitually. He escaped any injury until after the signing of the Armistice, when, in one of the last engagements of the war, his spine was seriously injured by a piece of shrapnel. He returned to this country and spent much time in a New York city hospital hopelessly, not able even to sit up in bed. Then a surgeon's daring experiments, supplying a silver piece for the lost bone in the spine, enabled him to get about. His entire family—first his brothers, who fell in battle across seas, and then his father by the influenza—was gone; then his mother and sister at home by the same epidemic. He was blind in one eye by shell-shock, and the doctor told him that he must finally lose the sight of the other also. However, he did not lose courage, but determined to get out of the great

city and to seek—partly for the sake of his physical health, partly for mere livelihood—some out-of-door employment. So here he was at Hackett's Hotel in Goshen, working as a day laborer with gangs of the most ordinary Italians, with a daily wage of two dollars. His health was greatly improved and his cheerfulness unabated. He seemed, from his story, to have made no friends among the well-to-do people of the town. In times of leisure books were his companions. One Sunday, a month or so earlier, the last two dollars that remained of his pay at the week's end had gone to meet the cost of a fine dinner at the New Orange, but which he confessed—aside from stylish company—had been a disappointment. The heroism shown in all the exigencies of actual warfare by such young men as Henry is surpassed by that required to face such conditions as these in the indifference of peace, and with all near relatives gone.

On Friday, May 25th, I rose at 6.30 with nothing short of joy in my heart at the near prospect of getting out of an untidy bed and bed-room. It seemed well to have had the trying experience, so great was the pleasure occasioned by getting through with it. I scarcely minded the annoyance and trouble of being forced to seek a distant bath-room for bathing and dressing, with the evidence of its previous use by young male workers on the Erie Railroad. The day was bright and promised to be very hot. I joined Dorothy Whipple on the wisteria-draped piazza, —compensative charm of the poor hotel,—and then we walked a few steps to the café and got our breakfast. A little while after we were on the road to Campbell Hall—how many memories had I not of that obscure railroad junction in old Mohonk Indian Conference days, and only last year, when I walked alone by the same road to Newburg! We got there about noon, debating between us whether it were better to stop there long enough to do some primitive laundry work under the shady oak trees, or first to get some light, cool refreshment and to press on. We did the latter. Our resting-place was a small shop where one could get ice-cream and soft drinks. The good woman who dispensed these things appealed to our sympathies

on behalf of her eight-year-old boy whose head had been cut—it was bound up—by being knocked off his bicycle for the amusement of a malicious schoolmate. This bigger offending boy—the mother of the smaller one told us, while the little fellow stood there the happy object of our pity—was the son of well-to-do parents, whose means and pride were to them a sure refuge against the demands of justice from poorer neighbors.

After getting this very light refreshment, just enough to cool us off after exposure to the heat of the morning, we decided to walk on. The very thought of a gypsy bivouac in that oak grove, and the washing and drying of a few soiled things, was pleasure and rest enough. The material part of it wasn't necessary and it cost too much time. But the heat was great, and about an hour later, as we tramped and tramped along the highway, past delightful farm-houses, and seemingly opulent ones on either side, but especially on the left, hunger of the natural body called aloud for something to eat—even a lunch, if not a regular dinner. I, though commanding general, asked Dorothy Whipple to try our luck at a certain villa. Some excuse was given by the woman who answered her appeal for not giving us a meal herself which served to put us off, but she told us of a large farm-house a little farther on upon the same side of the road where she was sure we would be served; "but don't try next door," she warned us, "as they are very tony people." We laughed gaily at the implication. We soon came upon the place referred to. Summer peace and early summer sweet airs blew under its old shade trees, charged with the fine perfumes of blossoms white and deep red. An old woman, plain of speech, kind of heart, answered Dorothy's knock at the back door after quite a time of waiting. Her gray hair, disheveled, fluttered in the breeze, her work-a-day dress was flecked with white spots of lime—she evidently rose from cellar depths of household cleaning to meet our need. She had the queerest notion as to why we walked instead of riding to our distant objective—"For pleasure,"—no, we could not induce her to believe such a tale as that. "You are paid to do it," she asserted confidently, and

protesting against the possibility of giving us anything to eat, she disappeared whence she came, soon to return with a great pitcher of sweet milk, bread and butter, and soft ginger-bread. All these good things we drank and ate with thankfulness of heart, seated humbly—as became our present station—on the front wooden steps under the porch roof, with drowsy nature wooing to restful subsequent slumber—not to be yielded to—all about us. Empty pitcher and plates returned with an appreciative word to their owner, we saddled ourselves afresh with burdens and sauntered happily on. Miles and miles we trod, silent under the spell of the hot, pale sky, the gentle, slight variety of the landscape, or I discoursing of foreign travel, or home politics, to a willing listener until about 4 in the afternoon. Then there was need for rest and something more to drink and eat. We got precisely the right thing at a fine large place with a good lawn in front and abundance of shade. A generous, hospitable farmer was the owner, who gave us a pitcher of cold, refreshing well-water. Then out of the pocket of my ruck-sack came hard-boiled eggs and a few crackers of some sort. As I consumed my portion I sat on the ground, resting royally between the roots of a great maple tree coming out on either side like the arms of an easy-chair. Life seemed very good and pleasantly varied. Where should we rest that night, in Newburg on the Hudson—a hundred memories of former walks trooped up at the very name—or at Mrs. Burns' boarding-house, about four miles further on? Many whom we met by the roadside spoke well of the latter place, so as we could not reach Newburg until very late, when it would be awkward to find suitable shelter, we determined to try Mrs. Burns'. We had no reason to repent our choice. We reached the place a little while before supper-time, and while the day was still glowing—bright and beautiful. It was on the right side of the road, a fine old home that had once belonged to some wealthy owner—a millionaire in his day. The house stood far back from the highway, found after we had passed by a carriage-way far through a pleasing grove of shade trees. It was many-roomed, with broad piazzas.

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The front part was built on the crest of a gently sloping ground, which from that point fell away abruptly, so that the kitchen and lower adjoining rooms were far below the level of the façade. The whole place must have been originally very imposing—more than ample for the largest family's needs. Mrs. Burns, the mother of fine grown-up daughters and sons, was the ruling force in the place. American Irish-Catholic—generous, kind hearted, commanding, successful—the Burns' had made money during the war, we were told, by boarding soldiers from a contiguous convalescent camp. Mrs. Burns kindly consented to lodge the wayfarers. She gave us a nourishing and abundant supper, and to me what must have been the largest room in the house. If it had been a bridal chamber on a Hudson River steamboat it could not have been more swell. Dorothy Whipple, I suppose, was also well cared for. With her customary indifference to self, and through the kindness of Mrs. Burns, somewhere in the lower part of the great house she did effectively that washing of soiled linen, including mine, that we had thought of doing way back at Campbell Hall. I think she must have stayed up to the small hours to accomplish that great and blessed work, for my things were all washed clean early the next morning, though they were, of course, still damp. And that next day, May 29th, the last day of the week, was the fairest and brightest and coolest that could be desired, as, looking out of my window facing the east, I saw the great golden sun lift himself above the hills that border the Hudson, concealing Newburg, and flood the whole green countryside with light. We had but five miles to make after breakfast to reach the city, and that was covered by midday.

My last year's entrance to Newburg, when I was alone, was in a time of great heat; but this May Saturday, as my young friend and I marched in, even the midday air was cool and delightful. And how beautiful everything looked in the sunshine and under the bright blue sky flecked with white wind clouds! We decided upon a quick council that it would not be well to stop in Newburg over Sunday,—time was too precious for such

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indulgence after a five-mile walk,—but simply long enough to get from the post-office the expected \$50 remittance from Philadelphia, and our mail, a subsequent dinner, and then take the ferry over the Hudson to Beacon. Everything moved just as we had hoped for. All my pleasant recollections of the post-office in this city were confirmed. The place seemed just as airy and attractive as formerly, and there were letters for us and the \$50 draft from the Pennsylvania Company. We got a hot dinner at the Hudson Cafeteria, and soon after were on the ferry which carried us over the lordly river to Beacon on the east shore. And let it be noted by the indolent among my readers that this was the only occasion in our long journey when we trusted to any artificial means of transportation for going forward in the direct line of march.

From Beacon we walked along the broad auto highway a distance of five miles, to the old, historic, reposeful Fishkill Village—a delightful place at that season, with its shaded colonial and more modern mansions, and its old Dutch Reform Church and Trinity Episcopal; both of which, standing close to the highway, tell the passer-by, through inscriptions, of colonial times and Revolutionary war incidents. Between 4 and 5 o'clock we had rested for an hour in full sunlight, and near to marshy land. That time of complete inaction and of sleep was most refreshing. I would beg amateur long-distance trampers to remember the same. Fishkill Village was reached happily by 6 o'clock. I inquired as to the location of the house of Mr. Verplanck, an Indian Rights member, hoping to salute him *en passant*, as he had bidden me should I go that way. I was disappointed, for a gentleman resident of whom I inquired told me that he lived back on the road near Beacon. We got an excellent dinner at the Union Hotel, and I asked of its proprietor if we could be accommodated there over night and possibly over Sunday. "Impossible!" as every room was taken by week-end autoists. Had I been alone, to save time, I probably would have gone on to Hopewell Junction, where there is no hotel, but where I could easily in some way have accommodated myself.

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However, with a lady to care for it was different; I would run no risks. So my plan was hatched. We would pass a quiet Sunday in this most pleasing village, and since the hotel could not take care of us, I would leave it to the quick, sane sense of Dorothy Whipple to seek and to find a suitable place. I threw the responsibility upon her and soon well had she discharged it. She went forth alone, while I "took it easy" at the hotel parlor window—first to telephone and then verbally to inquire. In ten minutes she returned, radiant with complete success. This was the way of it: She got hold of the postmaster—I had talked to him that very afternoon and found that he remembered me from former walks. Between our arrival and Dorothy's inquiry he had talked with Miss Gladys Taylor, whose father and mother—the former is English, the latter American—were local residents and householders. Miss Taylor was a Camp Fire girl, an active Christian, and an enthusiastic trumper. We would be welcome in their home over Sunday at a very moderate cost. Unfortunately, Mrs. Taylor was away, spending the Sunday at Beacon. But Miss Taylor took well her mother's place. In a jiffy I found myself, thanks to these two bright American girls, —Vermont and New York,—in a charming cottage bed-room, completely happy—happy until Monday morning. And this is what we all did—as briefly as possible I will unfold the tale:

You can imagine the delight I experienced by reaction from the uncertainty felt in not knowing just where the night was to be spent, at finding my young charge and myself in the most attractive and cheerful quarters, with sympathetic, intelligent people as associates until the next forward move came. It certainly was bliss! Miss Taylor proved to be an especially bright and progressive girl, keen about outdoor exercise for both sexes, and by her affability and musical gifts—she played well on the piano—we were made at once to feel at home. She and Dorothy Whipple were natural companions, and we three had a very happy evening. Our young hostess entertained us with music part of the time, and then, while I made a lead-pencil sketch of her, she talked brightly and simply of her social life and personal

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interests. She studied music, played in concerts, and took an active part in the work of Old Trinity Episcopal Church, of which she was a member. Rev. Mr. Thomas was the rector. Yes, the service was at 11 o'clock Sunday morning, and she would be happy to have us attend it with her. This, of course, was in answer to a query of mine. Clearly it was well to rest over Sunday and not to hurry on. Mr. Taylor kept apart from us during the evening, naturally, for suffering from extreme deafness, he was sensitive about taxing the efforts of others to communicate. He was a fine man, a hearty Britisher, who, I think, had never been naturalized in the land of his adoption. He had the jolliest laugh—clear, strong—and fully expressed convictions. He lamented the exorcism of Bass's Ale by prohibition, and had at least leanings toward Christian Science. He had attended one of the faith-cure services of his compatriot healer, Hickson, but his distressing ailment remained extreme. This, however, did not in the slightest degree impair his cheerfulness. I liked him immensely. We retired early, and a good restful night it proved for me, and I trust for the other members of the kindly company. We were all up betimes to greet another bright day. Breakfast of coffee, bacon, and eggs at 8.30—a jolly little meal the peace of which was momentarily disturbed by the frantic contortions of "Buster," a large pet cat of Miss Taylor's. He jumped about for a time as if possessed. He had swallowed some blades of green grass, one of which caught in his throat. His mistress soon relieved him and peace was restored.

It was Trinity Sunday, and the service in the old Colonial Church at 11 was in a high degree restful and pleasing to body and spirit. There was a small congregation of devout worshipers, pleasanter for us strangers than if the church had been crowded. Candles burned on the altar, flickering in the soft air, scented with May blossoms, that blew silently through the open windows. The brilliancy of the external sunshine made their flame almost invisible. When we first entered, the rector was instructing the young people of the Sunday school and

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giving out some little badges of honor. His sermon on the three-fold nature of the Divine life was clear and impressive. He claimed that this idea was necessary to the satisfaction of the deep cravings of the human intellect, and to secure that balanced but intense love for the welfare of men which is the final outcome of accepted truth.

When the service was over the rector stood at the church door shaking hands with the people as they went away, and chatting with several of them in a very friendly manner. When he was disengaged I ventured to speak to him, telling him my name and that I was from Philadelphia, and showing him my letter of introduction from Dr. Washburn, the rector of Old Christ Church. He received me most cordially, and I had reason to be glad before the day was over that I had done this. Dorothy Whipple and I dined quietly with the Taylors at 2 o'clock. I decided to go back to the afternoon service in the church at 5 o'clock. Everything was very quiet within the walls of the little building, but many motor cars flitted by north and south, their occupants enjoying the holiday and the fine weather. The service over, and as I was going away, Rev. Mr. Thomas hailed me by name and most cordially; he stood in his black cassock, bare-headed, outside the church door, just as in the morning. His face was radiant with smiling animation as he begged me, as though I would be granting him the greatest possible favor, to wait for him a few minutes, and then to go with him to call on an old lady, a Miss Vandervoort, who had expressed a desire to see me. I gladly consented. At the morning service the rector had made touching reference to the death—upon the previous day—of a lady. He did not mention her name: it was Mrs. Draper, the sister of Miss Vandervoort, who had been one of the most beloved members of his congregation and a staunch supporter of the Church. Mr. Thomas guiding me, I found myself, after walking but a short distance and making but one turn from the main road, about to enter a beautiful old family mansion, most attractive in appearance, and surrounded by fine shade trees. From the door-bell hung a reversed palm

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branch and a long purple ribbon, which glowed in the brilliant afternoon sun. I soon stood face to face with a venerable gentlewoman, Miss Anna Vandervoort, of tall, distinguished figure and the gentlest welcoming manner. It was the work of but a few moments to tell her of what had been my main public interests in life,—care of the Indians, and more recently, during the war-time, Armenian relief,—and then to learn from her why she had wished to see me. Her sister, just before leaving this world, had asked her to see that a small sum of money went to the Armenian sufferers. She had written to a prominent gentleman in New York city, but having had no response from him, she called on me for information which would enable her to carry out her sister's intention. I told her at once that if she would make out a check to the order of Rev. Dr. Haig Yardumian, Secretary of the Philadelphia Committee, her sister's gift would surely effect its purpose. This she agreed to with evident relief of mind. Miss Vandervoort and other members of her family insisted that Mr. Thomas and I should stay and take supper with them. This we both did, to our great satisfaction. Was hospitality ever extended to one who was an entire stranger only a few hours previous, of a more touching nature in a home of mourning? It seemed to me astounding, in the complete subordination of personal feeling to the duty of helping others. The "good Misses Biddle," of Philadelphia, as those ladies were called,—Catharine, Elizabeth, Hannah,—my father's friends and mine, who spent a long life in serving God and blessing the poor, were indirectly the cause of this unusual incident. They were the kinswomen of Miss Vandervoort, of Fishkill, and it was knowledge of their relationship to the Welsh family which brought about this unexpected and delightful incident. After supper Miss Vandervoort asked me to go with her to her room on the upper floor, and there, by my direction, she made out a check to Dr. Yardumian's order for \$35—her sister's gift of \$10 and her own of \$25—for Armenian relief. "Farewell," I said to her with more gratitude in my heart than I could express, and within a few moments that

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check, with a few explanatory lines from me, was on its way to my Armenian friend in Philadelphia. Then I went back to the Taylor cottage, picked up Dorothy Whipple, and carried her off in the warm, windy evening, and under a red sunset sky, to service at the Old Dutch Reformed Church, almost across the road from Trinity. It was a lovely ending of the happiest day of the long walk. We were received there with a simple friendliness and cordiality which was delightful. The service was most interesting, and in the regular pastor's absence we heard an excellent thoughtful sermon from a venerable minister on the evidence of a good Creator's hand in Nature. This gave deep satisfaction to thoughtful minds.

On Monday morning, May 31st, my eyes opened to the light with a sense of relief and comfort. The perfect weather continued, and I had feared the contrary. The strong wind that blew about sunset-time the evening before, with a deep red effect which marked the western sky as the sun went down, had seemed to me to prognosticate a change of weather and rain. Fortunately, I was entirely mistaken. The day promised to be very warm and fair. That promise was fulfilled. I rose at 6 o'clock and we had breakfast at 7; then, having said good-by to Mr. Taylor and his daughter, we started on the day's walk at 8.30. We felt to the full the value of the rest of Sunday, noticeable in a keen sense of pleasure in getting under way. At my suggestion we stopped at a grocer's to buy some dried chipped beef and half a pound of prunes to put in the pocket of my bag as insurance against hunger—always a wise precaution. We then took the first well-marked road to the left from the heart of Fishkill village, and at a rapid rate—almost if not quite four miles to the hour—walked the seven miles to Hopewell Junction. Beautiful, familiar, quiet country it was to me; I had walked it so many times before, but, of course, to my young friend it was wholly novel. Very soon after starting we came to the fine Brinkerhoff place, on the left of the road, a characteristic old-fashioned country mansion, now well kept up, where, as a memorial stone set in the lawn testifies, LaFayette

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spent several weeks during the Revolutionary War recovering from a dangerous illness. Strange to say, though I have read an inscription to this effect several times on past foot journeys, this time it escaped my eye. I wanted to point it out to my young friend, but had not the satisfaction of so doing.

When we reached the village of Hopewell Junction, at about 10 o'clock, it was very warm, and we were much heated by the rapid pace we had kept up under 25 pounds and 10 pounds of baggage respectively. Ice-cream, soda-water—something of that nature was needed by both of us. And there stood a fine-looking and, as it proved, most benevolent military officer in full tog, right in the center of the road. I asked him if he would be good enough to direct us to some place where we could get the needed refreshment. What a prince that man was, and may good fortune ever attend him! He insisted upon putting us both right in his motor car, which, with a young chauffeur, came up most opportunely at that instant, and having us whisked right across the railroad tracks to the best ice-cream shop in town. This was the only time we got into an auto during the entire trip. That, however, was permissible without loss of self-respect, for the two blocks traversed did not infringe upon our line of march. The café to which our officer-friend sent us proved commodious and cool, also the internal accompaniments were of the best. It was good to get rid of weights on the back, to drink the cold water, and to swallow the nourishing ice-cream and get the twenty minutes' rest. Then we struck the road again on toward "Moore's Mills," one of the most peaceful stopping-places of the entire long journey, created by a saintly Quakeress,—long since gone to the heavenly country,—but still maintained in precisely the same spirit, for the delectation of cultured people, mostly from New York city, some of whom winter as well as summer there. But it would take us quite a time to get to this desired haven—that could not be expected until the close of the day. We had a long distance of level, dusty road to travel before we even reached Mr. Frear's farm, of which I had pleasant recollections, for I had twice

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stopped there on previous journeys when I had been alone. We might expect good treatment from Mrs. Frear, who let me sleep, the last time I had gone that way, under a pear tree near the house. The night had proved cold, though it was June and the ground hard, but they were kind, good people and liberal in the matter of nourishment. At the previous time the war had been in full blast, and Mr. Frear had been exceedingly kind to me. He was of German blood, but wholly loyal to this country, and he accepted readily the doctrine I then preached about the movement for German democracy being an aid to our armies in the field in the great struggle for world democracy.

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We reached the Frear farm about 1 o'clock in the afternoon of this last day of May, in the glorious sunshiny weather, both of us pretty hot and hungry. And there, sure enough, was Mrs. Frear at her back kitchen door, the farm looking finely, and she busy with all sorts of things and more or less doubtful of her ability to give us anything to eat. But that obstacle was soon overcome. Dorothy Whipple's extreme youth and my old age touched her heart, I suppose, for in about twenty minutes we were seated at the kitchen table and partaking, to our great satisfaction, of plenty of milk,—it was good and fresh,—eggs, not cold-storage, bread and butter. It had been a terrible winter, Mrs. Frear told us, and for a day or so no trains had run on the little railroad that threaded the valley,—“New York and New England,”—by which Moore's Mills, eight miles further up, is reached. We had lots of chatty country talk before paying a fair price for our meal. We pressed on, starting right in the middle of the day. It was about 2 P. M. when we left the farmhouse. The sun seemed very hot, and the narrow road that skirted the base of the high hills adjoining very heavy and dusty. We both needed more rest and sleep, so I proposed drawing aside a short distance from the road, up the side of the hill, where shade and privacy made a tempting resting spot. Indispensable, I had found, are these noon or afternoon resting times to make a long walk pleasant and easy, whether for

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hoary age, with its experience and discipline, or for young vigor but inexperience, like that of Dorothy Whipple. It worked always like a charm, as in the present instance. The time seemingly lost was more than covered and atoned for by the resting, bracing effect in body, mind, and spirit. And the more systematic and thorough one is about it the better. Shoes and stockings get a chance to dry, a little food is always helpful, and either sound sleep or bodily relaxation has the best possible results. The hour's or two hours' rest over, and bags and blankets carefully repacked for the march, I always made it a habit —weather permitting—to join with my young friend in a brief prayer for safety and guidance on the journey, while I would read a short portion from the Acts of the Holy Apostles from a small pocket testament, with the late Lord Roberts' advice to soldiers in the front. Dorothy Whipple and I both look back with pleasure to these short but sincere and helpful religious exercises regularly maintained through the journey. . . .

Started on the road once again, it was a long pull through the valley, up hill and down hill, by farm-houses with enticements to stop,—well resisted,—by woodlands capping the hill-tops until, about 6 o'clock in the evening, we found ourselves at Moore's Mills, going in to the entrancingly lovely—and to me familiar—garden of the famous Quaker hostelry of *Floral Home Inn*. It was just as it had always been to me, a real home,—kindly, cordial,—full of gentle folk, mostly ladies, quite a number of whom welcomed my charge as they did myself. Especially among these were two charming ladies, the Misses Stone, who knew me from a former visit. They have, I believe, a permanent residence in this sweet and tranquil spot. Of all the many places at which we stopped, I remember none with greater satisfaction than this. It afforded everything that a reasonable traveler could wish—physical comfort, beautiful surroundings, agreeable society, and all at a very small cost. My diary records the fact that for supper, breakfast, and night's lodging we two persons paid but \$4.00.

The distance walked that day was considered to be, by the

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people of the place, the same as it was made out by our reckoning—20 miles. We had a most comfortable night.

On Tuesday, June 1st, I woke to find the weather still very warm and dry, but it was a comfort to know that for that day, at least, there were no storm and rain to encounter to make tramping difficult. We got a good breakfast, and had interesting conversation in addition at the table and after it. My friends, the Misses Stone, were great admirers of the late President Roosevelt, and I found that I ought to press not too far my criticisms on the value to the country of his constructive statesmanship.

The Floral Inn was so beguiling—however, a little extra rest is always valuable—that we did not get on the road until 10 o'clock. We walked eight miles to Milbrook, making that place in time for dinner at a clean, home-like hotel called the Doty House. It was hard to find, as, going, I suppose, on the theory that "good wine needs no bush" (prohibitionists, please pardon the allusion), it hung out no sign to guide the stranger. We found it with difficulty, after much questioning. We had a good, plain dinner there and the society of a very agreeable Irish doctor, who I found had known the late Archbishop Ryan. He had served in France during the war and had many interesting experiences to recount. After leaving Milbrook, we soon passed the neat cottage and well-kept farm of my old friend, Stephen Robinson, and his good wife, from both of whom I had received much kindness on two previous visits. We espied them both as we got near to their place, and had a hearty welcome from them. While we stopped a few minutes to talk, Mrs. Robinson went to the house and returned with a pitcher of fresh, cold milk. This we gladly drank. Mr. Robinson takes a true citizen's interest in politics, and he is an ardent admirer of Theodore Roosevelt. We pressed on, reaching Amenia, a favorite resting-place for automobilists, about 8 o'clock that night, after an extremely warm walk. The landscape, as you approach this town and before you descend a high hill into the valley, affords an enchanting prospect. This valley, I suppose,

was once the basin of a large lake. Now, a green and fertile spot, with the high hills of the Berkshires to the north of it, it reveals itself to one with an extraordinary sense of peace and beauty. At one point on the near side rises a great, green mound, so regular in shape that it seems fashioned by the hand of man. It suggests to the fancy the thought of an Indian burial mound.

Pratt's Hotel, at Amenia, had been recommended to us as a good house of the old-fashioned style to stop at, and very reasonable in price. So we found it—good in every particular. Mr. Pratt is an ideal, old-time landlord. We found him in the clear, still twilight, seated on the piazza of his hotel—a man of strong character, a little hard of hearing, warm and cordial in manner. It was too late for the regular dinner, but he would see what could be done for us. He gave me one of the best rooms in the house, and Dorothy Whipple also a perfectly satisfactory one. We were very hot and travel-stained, so it took us some time to get washed, cooled off, and presentable enough to persuade a very nice English housekeeper, or president of the kitchen, to give us some kind of a supper. I think it was her evident interest in the oddity of our expedition that softened her heart from an original refusal to do almost anything to the opposite welcome-point. She gave us a royal spread, with about everything that the hungry soul of a young and an old tramp could desire. Milk, coffee, cold meat, pie, doughnuts—my mouth waters at the very thought of what we enjoyed that hot but exquisitely beautiful first evening in June. Then I got my two razors nicely honed at a barber-shop contiguous to the Pratt House. That comforted me greatly. I had a perfect night's rest. Dorothy Whipple confessed also at the breakfast table to the same. I discovered before we left for the north why it was that the pleasant-faced and mannered English woman gave us that good supper in the face of a previous refusal—she took me for an Englishman; was it my appearance or my way of talking? I cannot say, but at least the error was a happy one.

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We started out from Amenia after our comfortable night's rest in the Pratt House refreshed and vigorous, but the day—June 2d—proved to be excessively hot—one of the hottest of the entire walk. Even I, a veritable salamander, felt it. I think Dorothy Whipple must have suffered considerably, but she never complained about that or anything else. The great help that I get from cold spring water, so abundant in this region, was often denied her, for nothing would induce her to drink from a trough intended for horses, no matter how rapid the flow of water just springing from the hillside might be into the big bowl and out of it—she could not be persuaded by the most careful reasoning to touch her thirsty lips to the healing stream. She would go dry and suffer. Women are queer creatures.

We marched vigorously all that morning, arriving at the railroad town of Millerton in time for a 1 o'clock dinner at a hotel close to the station. It was kept by a Jewish landlord, who was polite and accommodating, giving us every facility for cooling off, washing up, and getting a first-rate but expensive dinner. I had the luxury of a bottle of ale—prohibition, of course, I suppose it was—with “near beer” for Dorothy—\$3.20 it all cost, but it was worth that. Very shortly after dinner we started out in the intense heat and glare of the sun, but not until I had purchased a pair of light canvas shoes and a light-weight, queer-looking straw hat. The winter-felt hat that I had worn in starting from Germantown—but which I had almost never used on the road—was now a thing out of the question. I carried it mostly in my bag, and now discarded it wholly. The canvas shoes proved very serviceable. The afternoon of that day, while the journey led us through very beautiful scenery, proved trying on account of the great heat. I took an almost childish pleasure in my new straw hat,—it was so comfortable,—because it was so light and had a broad brim that sheltered the face completely. My forehead was burned by exposure to the sun up to the roots of the hair.

We reached Lakeville about 5 in the afternoon, and deter-

mined to indulge in ice-cream and plenty of cold water in a saloon that lay in a hollow on the outskirts of the town. A large boys' school is located near Lakeville, and quite a number of young fellows, in the most exuberant spirits, were there at the time and dominated the place to an amusing extent. But we rather envied their overflowing animal life. I got Dorothy Whipple to use the 'phone here to find out whether the hotel at Lakeville could accommodate us at a rate sufficiently reasonable to make it desirable to stay there over night. I was rather glad that the prices proved prohibitive, so that we determined to go on to Salisbury, two miles beyond. Lucky it was that we did so, for Salisbury turned out to be in several ways the most delightful stopping-place of the entire trip. We never ceased to rejoice over it as a lovely, elm-shaded New England town, with its broad highway and white cottages standing well back on either side. We got there about 7 in the evening, hungry for our supper, and uncertain as to just how we could find the right sort of lodging at the right kind of price. The further we pressed northward, the more I sighed that I had not been born into millions or had not the skill or supple conscience to acquire them!

We had telephoned from Lakeville to see whether the hotel at Salisbury could take us in—an all-important provision—at a reasonable rate. Again we found the cost prohibitive, so we must look for some cheaper boarding-house, or, failing that, a private house, the head of which could be persuaded to give over-night place to a couple of foot passengers of whom she knew nothing. I made up my mind promptly as to the course to pursue, and it resulted finally in a triumphant success, but not without preliminary movements when our fate seemed to hang in the balance. No place could have looked more lovely than did Salisbury in the brilliant, warm June evening when we arrived there. Even at that late hour the influence of the sun lingered in illumination of the great, graceful elms, the common earth and grass, the staid old houses half revealed under the shade of the trees. I asked Dorothy Whipple to get hold of the

postmaster—always the good genius of our travels—who might be able pleasantly to locate us, or if not that she should call up on the 'phone all the likely persons that he could suggest. While she was in the little office talking with him, I, resting and looking about me for any ideas that I could pick up, saw and got into conversation with an attractive-looking gentleman standing on the porch of the house next door—a drug-store, I think it was. He wore glasses and had a well-trimmed gray mustache and imperial. He had observed us and confessed, in the course of conversation, that our looks appealed to him. The compliment was evidently intended for my companion. He was of real service to us. Dorothy did not get what was needed from the postmaster, but this gentleman gave us 10 addresses, most of which availed nothing—their mistresses were cleaning house preparatory to renting to city people who spent the summer in this vestibule of the Berkshires. However, one lady, a Miss Mead, whose cottage was several blocks further up the main street, although doubtful on account of her aged mother of ninety-two years, gave us enough encouragement to make it worth while for Dorothy to scout there alone first, and for me to come up with the heavy artillery afterward. She reported that Miss Mead could give us one room, but no supper, and breakfast to-morrow morning. "That will just suit," I said; "you can take the room; I will sleep on the parlor floor, or the porch, or in the barn, if rain comes on,—a thing unlikely with this heat and the west of bright gold,—otherwise on the grass. In a few moments I confronted Miss Mead, a lady of quality, about forty, I judged, and with a pleasant, kindly face. The care of her aged mother, etc., made her loath to take us in to her most attractive cottage. I pleaded as a man would plead for his life, or for the lives of wife and children, and that prayer of faith—almost desperation—shortly prevailed. Two instead of just one room were found—even supper, which we augmented by some outside purchase from the meat store, and a first-class breakfast the next morning. We had a royal time. One had everything at this favored spot that the heart of a normal man

could desire. Our experience in the brief time of our stay was filled with pleasant, unexpected experiences.

After supper we went out-of-doors, I to rest, sketch, and look about me, seated on a chair upon the grass near the kitchen door. Dorothy Whipple, who had helped Miss Mead prepare supper, was quietly busy now helping her to wash up the dishes and put them to rights. She passed in and out from door to door, her sleeves rolled up to the elbows of her strong, shapely arms, a good type of New England practicality. The older and the younger woman seemed to take naturally to one another. The west was of a copper polished brightness beyond the fretted outline of the apple trees, one of which figured in my small pencil sketch. The moment was very calm and breathed rest. There was a handsome parrot in a large cage quite close to me, of rich, brilliant green, red, and yellow plumage. He was of advanced years. Mr. Mead, the brother of our hostess, told me that the family had bought him twenty years ago from some French lady who had long had him in her possession. His original home had been one of the tropical countries south of Mexico. He sometimes talked, even swore, I believe, or used rough language in French. Mr. Mead seemed much attached to this bird, and he had some interesting stories to tell of his irritable temper. Once, when out of his cage and perched on his master's shoulder, becoming enraged, he bit with his strong beak clean through Mr. Mead's linen collar, and was with difficulty persuaded to let go.

After a good night's rest, we got off late the next morning, because Miss Mead interested me so much telling of the fine humanitarian qualities of her rector, Rev. Charles Carpenter, that I could not resist the temptation of walking back with Mr. Mead a quarter of a mile to see and talk with him. Mr. Mead had been the night before to take some people in his auto to hear music, vocal and instrumental, at the famous annual festival held at Norfolk—an old stamping-ground of mine. I was greatly interested in hearing the story of his summer night's adventure. Memories of people who on one of my previous

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walking trips had entertained me there, or who had shown me kindness in one way or another, came up to my mind,—Mrs. Nichols and her daughters, Mr. Cone, Mrs. Watson, Miss Heckla Snow,—some of whom walked with me that year 16 miles one fine summer morning to New Boston—across the Massachusetts line. But I must not let these memories, pleasant as they are, run away with me now. Rev. Mr. Carpenter is a very handsome man, and I found him most attractive in his cordial reception of an entire stranger. He told me, with modest enthusiasm, of his successful work for a rough class of boys and young men whose parents and forebears for a hundred years back had worked in iron mines and mills back in the hills. Their hearts had been won by steady sympathy and interest, and giving them something to occupy minds and heart. He told me, also, of a meeting held last winter, with heavy snow on and the mercury below zero, of all the clergymen and ministers of that town of Salisbury, to which even the Roman Catholic priest was willing to come, to talk over Christian unity and practical work for the good of mankind. It was an inspiring visit and talk, but all too brief.

We did not get on the road again Thursday, June 3d, until 11 o'clock—late, indeed, but we did not regret the loss of time, to such profit had the moments been spent. At the breakfast-table that morning Miss Mead was so taken with Dorothy Whipple that she appealed to my philanthropic spirit to leave her behind to be her companion in the household during the summer. I was tickled with the compliment, but could not consent, seeing that I had Indian Rights, forestry work, and a host of other things when we reached Sunapee, N. H., to look after. When, before leaving, I asked Miss Mead for my reckoning, she said, penitently: "Seeing how ungracious I was in receiving you last night, I hardly think I should ask you anything." I protested and we came to terms, at the very small sum of \$2. Put that against the \$8 that the inn would have charged!

We had not gone very far on the road from Salisbury when

the sky began rapidly to cloud over. The absence of the direct rays of the sun after the heat we had endured was most grateful. In a short time rain began to fall—more, indeed, than could be warded off by our umbrellas, so I commanded a halt and we got out our ponchos and put them on. That, in ordinary rain, secured freedom from wetting to clothing and to blankets.

We reached Canaan, a pleasant village, about noon, and then got a hot lunch at the railroad station. There seemed to be no hotel in the place where a regular dinner could be had. However, we did very well with this substitute. Resting until 2 o'clock, we started out again over a good automobile road. The weather cleared up completely, and now that we had actually entered the Berkshires, the scenery became more and more mountainous and romantic, and the air very bracing. We were that afternoon moving pleasantly along a broad, flat valley,—so characteristic of this New England country, and especially of the Berkshires,—when, about 4 o'clock, it seemed well to get some rest and a bite to eat. I kept my eyes well open for a suitable place, and finally came upon a neat cottage to the left of the road, with fruit trees and other kinds about it, and a good, green lawn suitable to lie down upon. We went in there and our summons at the door was hospitably answered by an old man, who made us welcome, first, to a good drink of cold water, and then granted permission to rest anywhere under the trees that we might choose. That was a great point gained,—not every householder is so liberal,—but it was by no means all. There was something in this old man's utterance that made us think that he had passed the limit of perfect mental clearness—whether by reason of age or misfortune we did not know. Then a kindly, sweet-faced, but rather sad woman came forward and urged us to come into the house and rest there. We settled it by my telling Dorothy Whipple not to hesitate about accepting hospitality which was evidently genuine, and to get all the rest and sleep she could in a room and in a comfortable bed, and that I would unroll my blanket and get a sleep under a fruit

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tree back of the house. That I did for a full hour. We bid this good couple farewell, and were again on our way when I learned of a romantic and tragic story that Dorothy had been told by her entertainer. As an indirect result of the war they had recently lost a daughter—a beautiful, cultured, and an only child. Maud Kells had studied nursing, and having joined one of the hospital units, had gone abroad to do her part in France. The transport that carried her over the sea with troops had been struck by the influenza, and her exertions in caring for the sick and dying were such that soon after her arrival in an English port she succumbed to the disease. That was about a year before the time of our visit, but only a fortnight previous to it the young girl's body was brought back to her home. Memorial services had been held in the Congregational Church of the neighboring village, and an eulogium, dignified and touching, had been pronounced by the pastor. The unselfish, devoted life of this young woman had evidently produced a deep impression on the community. The mother of this patriotic girl, representative of the finest womanhood of our country, gave to Dorothy Whipple a little printed account of the memorial services, tastefully prepared, which contained an admirable half-tone picture of her daughter. The face was full of delicate beauty and intelligence. The mother, so recently bereft of her own daughter, instead of shrouding herself in grief selfish and sour, opened up her heart in kindness to Dorothy Whipple, a chance stranger at her door. She not only insisted upon her resting on her spare bed, but made her, to her great comfort and refreshment, enjoy the luxury of a hot bath and then carry away with her the record and likeness of the daughter she had lost. Had we been travelers by railway, trolley car, or auto, we should have missed that experience.

At Sheffield, which we reached about 6 o'clock, we found a pleasant, attractive inn where we had a good supper, but at the high price of \$1.00 each. By using the 'phone there we found that we could get accommodations in Great Barrington at the Miller House. The walk from Sheffield to that place, a distance

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of about five miles, made under ideal conditions of a splendid, perfectly smooth, hard automobile road and cool atmosphere, was done at a very rapid pace. We did not reach our destination until 9 o'clock, so a good part of the walk was done after dark.

Soon after leaving Sheffield we got away from all houses as the bright light of an early summer evening sank in the glow and strange cloud forms of a rare sunset. The valley lay to the left of the road, with trees now and again jutting irregularly against the sky. To the right of the road there was for a long distance a fringe of beautiful trees separating it from a tranquil stream that flowed down the valley, its surface reflecting a little more faintly the splendor of orpiment and crimson, warm, faint green of the west, and delicate mauve of sunset clouds in shadow, which adorned the sky. No vehicle of any kind, or traveler, for a very long while passed to distract attention from the solemn beauty of the unusual scene, or to detract from its enjoyment. It was long before the glow of the sunset faded into night.

Before we got to the heart of Great Barrington and to the rest of the hotel our path became rough and straggling. The hard pace kept up to save a too late arrival made us both somewhat tired. Suddenly the unexpected happened—there was no one walking beside me, for Dorothy Whipple, without one word of apology or warning, flopped as a seal might beneath the waters of its tank, and was for several moments seen no more. I found her seated on a curb-stone by the side of the path. For just one moment my courage fled. I was so taken by surprise—had she given out completely?—was she taken ill and was she going to die? None of these things were to be feared, for presently, without saying anything, she rose to her full height—5 feet 4 inches—and our journey was resumed. The last part of that day's walk, through the outskirts of Great Barrington, which in the darkness and over a rough, uncertain path seemed interminable, was tiresome, so that we were glad to find ourselves, by 9 o'clock, at the Miller House. This is a good, old-time hotel, where, during our brief stay, we were well cared for and made thoroughly comfortable.

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On Friday morning, June 4th, we had a late breakfast—at 8 o'clock—and then went to the post-office for letters. I found quite a number from home awaiting me. Dorothy Whipple had suffered more or less with a sore foot ever since we left Milford, Pa., where her boots had been re-heeled, as she thought, by an inexpert workman. He, aiming at greater durability, had put iron clamps over an ordinary leather heel. This had caused much discomfort, which had finally threatened to interfere with locomotion. During this one morning, spent quietly at Great Barrington, this trouble was completely overcome by a very simple expedient. The obliging clerk of the Miller House directed us to an Italian shoe-repairing shop close to the hotel, kept by a man named Conte. He proved to be a good workman, and was very obliging and quick. When he understood our predicament he agreed to adjust rubber heels to the shoes of my young friend, and to do some repairing to my leather pair, all by 1 o'clock in the afternoon. This he did most satisfactorily, so that we were enabled to have the morning for rest, to despatch letters, to get dinner by noon at the Miller House, and to be on the road to Lenox—our objective point for Friday night—by 2 o'clock. This was a very satisfactory arrangement, viewed from every point.

The weather was cloudy and cool as, rested and well equipped, we set out. We had walked some four miles from the center of Great Barrington, rather enjoying the cool, cloudy afternoon, when we stopped at a wayside cottage to ask the favor of a drink of water and directions, from the pleasant, affable woman who served us, as to the better of two roads leading to Lenox. She advised that leading over Slate Mountain, and this we decided to take, reaching it speedily by a short cut over a wood road through her farm. By a brief, precipitous scramble up an abutment composed of rough, stony stuff, we found ourselves on the broad, solid automobile road that led up and up for several miles in the ascent over Slate Mountain. I had been over it before, and so I remembered each turn and twist of the road as we made it. We enjoyed the cool, moist scent of the

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deep woods through which the road climbed skyward. It was a long, tough climb to the very top, which again and again seemed to be reached but was not. We were finally well repaid by the glorious prospect that opened to our eyes toward the northwest. Then followed about six miles, generally down hill, to Lenox, running along through the splendid estates of rich New Yorkers and others who make this region their luxurious summer home. As we passed their fine gateways an envious Bolshevik feeling arose in my heart, prompting me to enter in, and, just for the night, to enjoy the rest, comfort, and good things that lay within the walls of those rich abodes. They were visible to the passer-by, sometimes far-distant and concealed by well-tended groves of pine and delicate, refined, graceful birch trees. But a voice out of the east wind, growing all the time more chill and threatening rain, said, "such things are not for you or the like of you."

* * *

When we were within about four miles of Lenox, at 5.30 in the afternoon, it seemed desirable to get some rest and supper and to telephone ahead to make sure of good accommodations in Lenox. We were now descending to the valley, and upon the outskirts of Stockbridge, renowned in the annals of Indian missionary labors as the seat of one of the most interesting and successful efforts to convert to Christianity the wild nomad warriors of the forests of North America. At Maple Farm, on the right of the highway, kept by Mrs. Bliss, we were most hospitably received, and for the moderate cost of \$1.00 each we obtained rooms for rest and sleep, followed by an excellent hot supper, all of which was most acceptable. I had picked out for myself a grassy spot under a well-shaped fruit tree for an hour of rest, but this I was glad enough to resign for a quiet room and bed which Mrs. Bliss put at my disposal. Lenox is the summer home of Rt. Rev. Dr. Thomas F. Davies, the present Bishop in the Episcopal Church of western Massachusetts. He is the son of the former rector of old St. Peter's in Philadelphia, who, in the time of my boyhood, was a true father in God to me.

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He subsequently became Bishop of Michigan. The present Bishop Davies had, on a previous walk, most hospitably entertained me, so I thought it would be a good thing to communicate by 'phone with the Episcopal residence in order to find out whether it was occupied this early in the season. As on this trip there were two in the party, a stay over night could hardly be expected; but at least a cordial greeting and a God-speed *en passant* would be pleasant. I knew that the present Bishop Davies, whom I had known from boyhood, was at this time abroad, visiting and inspecting American churches of our communion on the Continent of Europe, and I thought that both Mrs. Haines, his elder, and Miss Marion Davies, his younger, sister, were with him. I was overjoyed to catch, in a moment through the receiver, the familiar tones of Mr. Haines. To him I am indebted for more than one good turn, also for much welcome political sympathy and a fund of anecdotes concerning war days within the lines of the Southern Confederacy—and especially in connection with its system of railways and military transportation. All this I found of great interest, and also many amusing anecdotes in relation to prominent men of that distant date. Mr. Haines comes of the best old New Hampshire stock; his boyhood and school days were passed in Massachusetts, but all his earlier mature life he lived in the South, at a time when the most exciting events—historic and economic—were being enacted. His personality and conversation are a delightful union of the best characteristics of New England practicality and shrewdness, with the geniality and social charm that flourished unrivaled south of Mason and Dixon's line.

The instant Mr. Haines recognized my voice, his own—reproduced electrically over the 'phone—sounded cordial welcome as of old. In a moment I knew that he was there alone in the fine old colonial mansion. The Bishop and Miss Marion were still abroad; Mrs. Haines was off for the day at St. Paul's School, Concord, attending the graduation of the oldest of their boys—he had just been victor in some boat races. This I was to learn

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from Mrs. Haines' own lips later that evening. "Come right to us," was nearly the last message from my friend's kind lips before I hung up the receiver.

Through the kindness of the lady who kept the inn where we got supper we were able to secure lodging at Lenox, which, though by no means reasonable in terms, according to my frugal notions, was much better than having to walk into a new place at 9 o'clock at night on a complete uncertainty, tired and hungry, and being obliged to hunt for rooms. We got rooms at Mrs. Bliss' boarding-house, a clean and comfortable place, but on a side street, hard to find, and where accommodations were of the most cramped description. The cost for us both, including supper, lodging, and breakfast, was \$5.50. Immediately after arrival at 9 o'clock, such washing up as the late hour permitted, a little supper, leaving Dorothy Whipple to well-earned rest, I set out to call on Mr. Haines at Bishop Davies' beautiful white Colonial mansion—it was formerly the seat of a New England General of Revolutionary fame. I was cordially received not only by my old friend, but—to my great and pleasing surprise—by Mrs. Haines, who had just returned from the sports at St. Paul's School, where her eldest son had won distinction in the boating contest. The mother's heart was full to overflowing in this family triumph; but even more interesting than that was the news contained in letters which had just been received from her brother, the Bishop. These gave a charming account, touched with sadness, of his pastoral visits to St. Paul's American Church in Rome—so familiar to me—and to those in other Italian cities. I was tempted to stay to a late hour in the keen enjoyment of these reminiscences and up-to-date tidings, but knowing that Mrs. Haines must be tired with the day's journey, and remembering that I must start early the next morning, I bade my friends farewell and got back to the Bliss boarding-house by 10 o'clock. Adjustment of moist garments around my tiny room followed, and then came perfect rest.

The next morning, Saturday, June 5th, we had breakfast at

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8 o'clock, brightened by instructive, common-sense conversation of a Scotch-Irish chauffeur, a modest, good young man, who had brought to Lenox some rich, exclusive city ladies who, he told us, ran through all that beautiful country at high speed, and kept most of the time the curtains of their limousine down to shut out the light. He thought more pleasure was to be had in tramping as we were doing.

The wind was east and rising, while a fine rain, which later became cold and torrential, was falling—a gloomy presage for the day. Breakfast over, the two wanderers, harnessed to their traps, that big \$5.50 bill paid with some bitterness of heart, but a smiling countenance, and Dorothy and I started first to call on Mr. and Mrs. Haines, and then to get on to Pittsfield. Fortunately, it was only six miles distant, but the rain and wind made it the most trying walk of the trip. We had a delightful half-hour's visit. I had a memorable brief talk with Mr. Haines on the world situation in this *post-bellum* time. He said he was deeply convinced that only a real application of the principles of Christ can save the world. That is the case as I view it, in brief. He most kindly cashed a \$30 check for me,—standing my sponsor at the bank,—money which I felt I ought to add to a dwindling purse. Then we moved out into the wettest, hardest brief stretch of the journey, not only because of the rain, but the heavy east wind dead in our faces. Wet we were through and through, as to my arms from the wrists up and as to my legs from the hips down, umbrella and poncho to the contrary notwithstanding. Our plight must have been such as to excite the pity of gods and men, for about half-way to Pittsfield a fine-looking gentleman, with gray hair and a closely trimmed gray moustache, stopped us and said, "Won't you get into my auto out of the wet?" "Thank you," I replied, most heartily, "but we are on a long walk and in honor bound to make it all on foot unless in case of dire necessity." A look of kindly pity lingered on his face as he still urged: "Well, at any rate, let me relieve you of your traps and carry them in my car to your destination in Pittsfield, where I am going." "Sir," I

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said, "you are a true Christian gentleman and your kindness I will never forget, but we must decline for our sake and for yours." Wet and bedraggled to the last degree, we doggedly tramped on, reaching the central part of Pittsfield at 1.30 p. m. I directed our steps without hesitation to the Westerly Hotel, a plain, cheap house, where, on a previous journey, I had found myself quite comfortable at a very small cost. We got two rooms here at \$1.50 each, and divested ourselves of wet shoes and clothing as quickly as possible before going outside in search of dinner. The house furnished no meals. The halls and entries were dark and gloomy, but we got along well enough. It was good to get dry once more and fairly decent in appearance—the latter point required manœuvring to cover with the small wardrobe required by ruck-sacks. We got a nice enough dinner, and supper later, at the Berkshire Café, only a step west of the hotel. A very friendly, sweet-faced woman waited on us, who took the greatest interest in our excursion and thought it was a fine thing to do. After dinner, feeling warmed and strengthened, we went to Keith's Vaudeville Theater, on the main street, enjoying an hour there, where remembrance of the misery and struggle of the morning was rather pleasant than otherwise.

That evening, at my young friend's suggestion, we hunted up the Free Library and studied there happily until, at an early hour, it closed. The good people who had it in charge were most kind and attentive in seeing that everybody, young and old, got the books they wanted.

Sunday, June 6th, proved to be a wonderful day, full of all kinds of pleasant surprises, so that we had good reason to be thankful that we decided to stay over quietly and not do more tramping until Monday. After a good breakfast, we decided to go to the leading Congregational Church, which is situated on the Common, just opposite the Free Library. There we attended the 11 o'clock service. The usher showed us up to one of the best pews on the right-hand side aisle. The service had scarcely begun when Dorothy Whipple, who sat at the far end

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of the pew, was kindly accosted by a lady in one of the middle aisle pews adjoining ours, who wanted to know if I was not Mr. Welsh, of Philadelphia. She frankly confessed to the truth that it was, whereupon the lady, who proved to be my old and dear friend of more than thirty years' standing, Miss Anna L. Dawes, daughter of the late Senator Henry L. Dawes,—one of the best friends the Indian ever had,—seemed to be much amused and pleased, insisting upon our getting out of that pew instanter, marching down the side aisle and up the center aisle to take our places in her hospitable and more honorable one. But that was only the beginning of a series of kindly attentions which lasted all through this memorable Sunday, and far into the night. Miss Dawes insisted, after the service,—at which we listened to an eloquent sermon by a Scotch divine who was the pastor,—upon our going home with her to dine at her boarding-house. There we met a number of delightful friends. Then she took us to the Museum to enjoy many good pictures—Sir Henry Raeburn, Gilbert Stuart, and other distinguished artists of the Colonial period were represented. There was also a fine collection of Indian curios which illustrated with costumed figures of life size the old nomadic days of the Dacotahs—with tepees, camp-fire, and the like.

Miss Dawes made the 'phone busy in my interest, arranging an interview at his beautiful home with Dr. Gregg, the head of Hampton Institute, Va., with whom I had had correspondence relative to a Hampton Institute for Mexico, but whom I had never had the pleasure of seeing face to face. He had come here for greatly needed rest, but kindly gave a generous half-hour or more to talk with me later in the afternoon. It is inspiring to meet a man of the type of Dr. Gregg, with broad, enlightened views regarding Negro and Indian education, and all forward movements of the time.

Then I joined Dorothy Whipple at the hotel, where she had been resting, and this extraordinary day culminated, both as to its pleasure and instruction, by Miss Dawes taking us in her motor car, with several of her lady friends, to the oratorio of

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“Elijah.” This was finely rendered before a great audience of nearly, if not quite, 1000 people. In it was quite a sprinkling of intelligent, serious-looking colored people, some of whom, indeed, sang in the chorus. And after this great pleasure—surprising for a Sunday night in a New England town—Miss Dawes concluded her kindness by taking us back in her auto to our hotel, and wishing us fair weather and a good start for the next day’s tramp northward. Her wish was happily accomplished, for the great rain of Saturday, which still wept fitfully on Sunday, gave place that night to a northwest wind, rolling clouds and glorious stretches of blue on Monday morning.

I got out of bed on that inspiring day at 6.30, but we were not on the road to North Adams until 9.50—so many trifling things had to be attended to before starting. Our spirits were high, due partly to the rest and pleasures of Sunday, and the brisk atmosphere incident to clearing-up weather. The picturesque sky was constantly changing and almost autumnal in effect. Every step of the way, in the beginning of that day’s walk, was familiar to me, I had been over it so often before, while it was all new to my companion. A short way out of Pittsfield we came upon the little lake, or pond,—as so small a body of water is called in New England,—on the left of the road, with its double line of trolley tracks. Its surface was roughened with the strong northwest wind, while sunshine and shadow alternately rested on the lovely green hills—some near, some distant—which fringed its shores. There were pine woods to the right of the road, sighing mystically, and at intervals through it were scattered the little excursion cottages, with their conventionally romantic titles, which are sure to congregate at such spots. When we got about five miles out, at Lanesboro, we left the main road—that led over some of the most beautiful country imaginable, to Williamstown—and there struck up over the hills to Cheshire. There is a glorious view of the valley that one gets as a reward for keeping to the first-mentioned road which I enjoyed three years ago, and that I shall never forget—but it had to be given up. However, the trip through

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Cheshire was delightful and I do not regret taking it. It involved walking over an ordinary country road—uphill and down dale—woods, farm-houses, seen here and there through the grain fields and passed by the way, but walking at a slower pace than upon the smooth auto road.

I remembered Cheshire from a former visit, with its proud record, made in Thomas Jefferson's time, when a Baptist minister (said to have been a conscientious advocate of the whisky-jug) conceived the idea, and carried it out, of persuading all the farmers of that region to make an immense cheese, thousands of pounds in weight, which he carried by ox team to Albany, down the Hudson by boat, and how thence I know not, to Washington, and there presented it to the great representative of democracy. This made Cheshire famous. At this day a big sign by the road records the fact. We got there about 2 in the afternoon, and with difficulty persuaded the ruler of the inn to give us a meal. But this he finally did. It was a fair meal, and the cost was first class.

We reached North Adams that evening at 7 o'clock, both of us in prime condition, having made 21 miles that day. The sun was still shining merrily in the sky, glinting on the green elms and on the passers-by, who were numerous in this attractive place. We got good lodging at the Berkshire Hotel, where they serve no meals, paying a total of \$3.00 for two rooms. Then we sallied forth in the clear evening, through the animated streets of the town, and got a swell dinner, including—for me—a bottle of "near beer," at the reasonable price of \$2.30. That was a good ending to a long, well-spent day, in which honest toil and simple enjoyments shook hands with each other.

Tuesday, June 8th, was a happy day on which I opened my eyes to the light in the Berkshire Hotel, North Adams, Mass. A good night's rest, body and mind comfortable, being both in good health and having a pleasant consciousness of the long journey nearing its end. We would pass that day, if all went well, beyond the line of the Old Bay State, into the green hills of Vermont—Vermont was next to New Hampshire, and that

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fine old State contained Lake Sunapee. We got a good breakfast at a well-kept, clean café, close to the hotel. It was a quiet, agreeable place. We did not start immediately, but went to the post-office to ask for letters, and did some other small chores. In passing a shoe store my eye was attracted by some neat-looking moccasin shoes especially adapted to the woods, and also to road walking. We went into the store to examine and price them. That led, later in the summer, to the purchase of a pair for Dorothy Whipple and another for myself. Both of these were perfectly satisfactory and to be recommended to lovers of the woods and of highways.

We started onward at 9.30, in the finest weather, buying some chipped beef and prunes from a grocery store as we passed out of the town. Then followed a long, commonplace walk by mills and their dependent employes' houses,—commonplace, but still interesting,—high hills and green rising up above them on either side. At last we are out in the free, open country once more and my mind teeming with pleasant memories of former trips—of course, to Dorothy Whipple it was the pleasure of complete novelty. When about six miles out both of us were faint for something to eat. It was somewhere about 11 o'clock when we reached Mrs. Dunn's cottage—a most hospitable, kindly lady she proved. We sat on her porch and she gave us cookies and plenty of milk and talked about her experience with summer boarders, life in the big cities, and all sorts of things. She made me promise to write her a card telling of our safe arrival later on, and that I finally did, at a late hour in the summer—thinking quite well of myself for having been true to this one promise, when I make and break so many similar roadside ones.

Then came the steep, seemingly "Everlasting Hills" that the auto-road surmounts until you come to Heartwellville, where we found ourselves about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. It is a wild and wooded, small, sweet hamlet, high in the hills, very isolated and reminding one almost of an Alpine spot. It is very cool, and the smell of the pines there is healing to tired

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bodies or wounded spirits. But there also, alas! and alas! as we saw with our own eyes, the lumbermen are slaughtering the forest at a grim and horrible pace. We were able to get rest and a dinner from a fine old lady who keeps the hotel and owns land in the place. My old friend, Mr. Canedy, with whom I had put up before, I learned with regret died last December a year ago. He once took a trip to Europe and the Near East, having lost a watch of gold at the evil hands of a bold, expert Neapolitan thief on the Chiaia, who robbed his victim and then disappeared into the depths of a sympathetic crowd.

After the refreshment of food and sleep we started for Wilmington, Vt., about 2.30 in the afternoon. A most romantic and beautiful walk it was, first over a narrow, hard-to-travel wood road, in which you come by a left-hand turn as you leave Heartwellville. You get on a better road a few miles later on, and then drop down and down the steep mountain-side easily, cheered by fine glimpses of the valley. But the hill that was so easy and pleasant for us was correspondingly hard for two Jewish peddlers, who, with a wagon and an old gray horse, we met painfully toiling upward. We cheered them by telling them just how far they would have to go to reach Heartwellville.

Not until 8 P. M. that fine night did we reach Wilmington and Childe's Tavern, a most excellent and comforting hostelry. There were moments on the way when it required quite an exercise of will-power to keep moving along with the determination not to give it up until our objective was attained. In some places, after we were in the valley, the road was heavy with deep sand. It was hard to plow through—that especially which lay where a man by the way made Wilmington out to be several miles further on than we supposed. We thought that we were coming into it when we saw a high chimney reared against the evening sky, preceded by a large pond to the right of the road, on the surface of the quiet waters of which thousands of pine logs—like so many dead alligators—floated. It was indeed the outskirts of Wilmington, but it needed about a mile and a half

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more tramping to reach our destination. Our informant, it was very pleasant to discover, had very much exaggerated the distance.

What a grand day was Wednesday, June 9th—one of the best, in every respect, of the entire journey. The finest of June weather, cool and clear, the morning broke. My good, clean bed-room was flooded with sunlight as I opened my eyes after an excellent night's rest and got right up without hesitation at 7. At 8 we had a good breakfast in the pleasant dining-room, which was almost empty of guests. I settled the bill of \$6 for food and lodging, while 9.30 by the clock saw us on the road. It was over the mountains all the way, long pulls up hill and easy walking down them. It seemed strange to see again the starry apple-blossoms on the trees, when we passed farms, that had long disappeared in the warmer lowlands through which, for a week or more, we had been passing. We had come upon a later spring in the cool hills. There was one superb wild mountain view on that morning's walk to Marlboro—great billows of green on which the June sun played, rolling off and off to the line of the deep blue sky flecked with wind clouds. There was scarcely a farm-house or any human structure to be seen in all that great expanse.

By noon we were at old Marlboro, which was quite familiar to me—just a few old houses in the sweet, sleepy little place, typically New England—white and green, its quaint store, its church dating back before the Revolution, perched on the top of a hill, with a fine prospect toward Brattleboro. We dined on eggs, milk biscuit, and coffee, prepared by a family newly arrived from New York city, in a very old farm-house. This at a cost of \$1.50. The women folks let Dorothy Whipple have an upstairs room to rest in after we had eaten, and to me it was permitted to spread out my blanket and sleep under an apple tree in the deep grass. At about 2 P. M. we started for the afternoon walk, which, had there been no mistake, would have brought us to Brattleboro in good season. The old gentleman who is postmaster and storekeeper combined had kindly ad-

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vised us to shorten the distance by choosing a country road over the hills instead of the plain State road. We missed our way close to Marlboro, getting on a road that paralleled the other, but later turned in precisely the wrong direction. It was all my fault and I was very sorry, but that did not prevent the error costing much time and the loss of about four miles all told. Back to Marlboro we had to trudge in humiliation to take the State road. We determined to try for a supper somewhere soon, as we could not possibly reach Brattleboro, after this error, until 11 o'clock at night. So we got a chance meal, but good enough, in a farm-house close to Marlboro,—for it was then nearly 6 o'clock,—which was provided for us by a pleasant and intelligent young married woman who, she told us, taught school in the winter-time.

It was pleasant to hear her speak with appreciation of the present pastor of the old Congregational Church in Marlboro, who, though eighty years of age, and who had undergone an operation on his eyes for cataract, was still doing strong work for his people and the community. I would like to have met that old man.

Supper over and paid for, we lost no time in getting on our way, for night was nigh and we had ten miles to go. Fortunately we were on a smooth, hard auto-road, and it was down hill most of the way. It was lovely, indeed, to watch the lengthening shadows and the richer coloring of the evening hour—then twilight, with its appeal to memory and meditation. But whatever indulgence in that way we yielded to must be done at a four-mile-an-hour pace, or very close to it, and with a wet handkerchief constantly moving sharply back and forth to fight off mosquitoes. These attacked us at regular intervals—wherever the woods on the mountain-side came close to the road. I wondered much that evening at the endurance of my young companion and her ability to hold a pace like that on a day's walk that covered all told a full 25 miles. Soon it was quite dark, and we had made the descent of the mountain and were moving toward Brattleboro across several miles of level

valley. The road became sandy again, and the darkness added to this cause for lessened speed. We lost a little time peering through the gloom to make out what was written on a sign-board and to be sure that we were on the right road. We were tired, yes, and wanted to get in, but pushed on with dogged determination somehow to cover the two or three miles—whatever was left for us to do, and to arrive. It was very quiet and the stars shone brilliantly, while fireflies—little mimic earth-stars—flashed and extinguished their tiny lamps about us. Far off on the northern sky was the reflected light, apparently, of a large place. Suddenly there came upon the still air, very faint and far, the tintinnabulation of a town hall or church clock. It struck Dorothy Whipple's young, spry ear first and my old and duller one second—nine strokes. "That's Brattleboro," she cried joyfully; "we must be nearly there." It was further than we thought but true enough, and one hour of plodding would bring us to the Brooks House, and cool things to drink and "liquid rest"—to borrow Shelley's phrase. And yet it seemed a long time before we struck the edge of West Brattleboro. Then we met a friendly, pleasant young woman walking slowly in the opposite direction,—no doubt waiting for her lover to join her,—who told us we had only one more mile to go to get right to the heart of Brattleboro. I guess she was right, but it seemed much longer. Then we were at the Brooks House, where they knew me from more than one previous visit, and were most kind and attentive. They gave us big, comfortable rooms and all that we could ask, but as it was then 10 o'clock, there was no provision for what we really both needed—some kind of light nourishment after such a pull as that, and plenty of cold water or milk, or ginger ale, to make up for all that exertion and heat had drawn from the human body. The really obliging bell-boy told us of an all-night café where those things were to be had; but to go in search of such things at that hour, and dripping with perspiration, even for me, was next to impossible; while for the young woman, dead tired, it was quite so. Dorothy Whipple retired to her room and was no more seen,—and I^{re}l

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might almost with shame say nor cared for,—but I, driven to desperation by animal instincts, gave the boy a quarter and got him to go to that *café* and buy me a full quart of ice-cold milk. I waited a long time before he returned, only to tell me that there was plenty of milk to be had but no vessel of any kind, not even a bottle, in which to carry it. “Why,” I said, “Can’t you get a pitcher from this great hotel?” The idea was so revolutionary and startling that it had never entered his head. But being a good, bright boy, and one of an open mind, he not only grasped the idea, but adapted it. He got a big pitcher from the closed dining-room and then, after a full twenty minutes, so that I despaired of ever seeing his face again, back he came with the pitcher filled with cold milk. I paid him and bade him “good-night,” and then sat there in that big room, half undressed, enjoying the cool night air that stole in from the open windows, triumphant, gloating over the spoils of that long, eventful day, tired but still strong,—washing and resting,—getting gradually into clean and cool pajamas, drinking as the habitual drunkard might drink tumbler after tumbler of that cold, delicious, refreshing, nourishing milk, and eating crackers and a few dried prunes. And then the culmination of all: to bed, no wooing of slumber, but that at a bound and oblivion!

Thursday, June 10th, was a day of complete rest and tranquillity, much needed, most agreeable after the unusual exertion and strain of the preceding one. I decided early in the day not to attempt to go on, but to remain quietly in our comfortable quarters in the Brooks House, making good use of the time thus to spare. Dorothy Whipple, while none the worse for her efforts of yesterday, having a headache, rested.

Brattleboro is a beautiful town, with its many fine residences, beautiful overshadowing elms, extensive public parks, and convenient post-office. To the latter home-like and hospitable spot I repaired early in the day to get letters, to write some, and to find awaiting me a draft for \$100 to meet future expenses of the journey. This day was extremely warm, but none the less en-

joyable. There was one thing to sadden the heart of an artist, which forced itself on my attention in Brattleboro: it was the sight of the fine old residence of the Hunt family, where William Morris Hunt, the distinguished American portrait painter, pupil and friend of Millet, and who first taught our patrons of art to appreciate the value of Millet's works—shut up, deserted, elbowed by an auto-garage, and otherwise neglected and despised. This sorry sight was clearly visible from my bed-room window. How strange that a town like Brattleboro, containing so many good and cultured people, should be guilty of such neglect of a great man who was one of themselves! Is it yet too late to rescue the Hunt mansion to make a museum of it, in order to record, for the benefit of strangers and coming generations, the service rendered to American art by William Morris Hunt—who, let it be well noted, was most influential in starting the movement which rescued from poverty and neglect the truly great French peasant-painter, Jean François Millet?

That evening I went to the public library and enjoyed a quiet hour of reading there. Also, I had a good talk with the lady who is the librarian, and whom I found most kind and accommodating. She took me up into the little gallery on the second floor, where pictures and other objects of local or historic interest are displayed. And there hung Hunt's picture of the Prodigal Son, painted when he was a young man, while he was still studying in France, just at the beginning of his brilliant career. It was this lady who drew my attention to the present sad plight of the Hunt mansion and made me wish there were some way of summoning public sentiment among art lovers to its rescue.

On the morning of Friday, June 11th, we left the Brooks House—well rested and fresh as to our physical bodies—at 8.50 by the clock, and walked up the State road by the beautiful, quiet Connecticut River, the scene of so many adventures and tragedies in the early days, conflicts between the settlers who were coming into the country and the Indians who were being pushed out of it. The weather was very warm and oppressive—no air was stirring as we walked slowly along. Dorothy

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Whipple, whom I found singularly non-communicative when suffering any physical ill, let me know that she was in pain from a tooth which had been treated and was supposed to be in good condition before leaving home. We got to Putney a little before noon. The tramp thither had points of interest during the last few miles, especially when beautiful glimpses were caught of the valley of the Connecticut winding peacefully back and forth through the hazy air into the far distance. The water of the river, under the great heat, shone like dull, frosted silver, and at every moment we thought the next bend in its course would reveal the immediate object of our search—Putney; but we had many disappointments before we got there. The steady consciousness that my young friend was in physical suffering greatly lessened for me the pleasure of the morning. But at last we got in and walked up the long, straggling street of the sleepy old town until we came to an ice-cream café. We must have something cool before dinner, for the heat and dust of that tramp made us both terribly hot and thirsty. But no sooner did Dorothy Whipple bring the cold ice-cream in close contact with the suffering tooth than the pain of it became almost unbearable. I immediately took counsel with the young man who had served us with ice-cream, to find him wholly sympathetic and obliging, getting relief for the trouble. There seemed to be no regular dentist in Putney, but a good physician, a Dr. Bagley, with whom, by the ever-useful telephone, we were able to make an appointment immediately after an early dinner, which was nourishing and inexpensive, that we had at an old farm-house immediately on the main street. The man of the house was intelligent and communicative, talking much of experiences in the far west, where he had lived for many years. It brought back my own earlier western and Indian days.

We reached Dr. Bagley's not much later than 1 o'clock, and found him returned from his round of morning medical visits. It was pleasant to get in out of the great heat and growing oppression of the atmosphere into the cool parlor of the doctor's house, which had evidently come down from Colonial days.

Soon we were shown into the adjoining office and into the presence of Dr. Bagley himself—a fine, large, portly man and a great admirer of General Leonard Wood, whom he hoped to see our next President. The office was light and cheerful, by the aid of many clear windows, and in it were large numbers of bottles filled either with liquids or dry medical substances of various kinds. A tap from the physician's practised hand on Dorothy's teeth soon revealed the sensitive one. She was not perfectly sure until then which it was, or, indeed, whether it was a tooth that caused the pain. I had done considerable guessing up to that moment, but now I did more than ever, and I happened to hit pretty close to the truth. My guess was that it was a dying nerve, shut up tight by itself, beneath a good filling, and that gas had generated which wanted to escape and could not. Remove that filling, the pressure would be released at once, the pain would subside, the roots of the tooth then could be treated by any competent dentist, and the sunshine and blue sky, with peace, would return for all of us. That was my guess because I suppose, during sixty years, I had had a number of similar experiences. But Dr. Bagley did all that could be expected of him. I think he thought that was probably the cause of trouble. He gave the patient some little pink tablets to take,—one every two hours,—and this soothed the pain; but he hinted, also, at the thought of having an *x*-ray picture taken, and the possibility of a medical decree requiring some of the unfortunate young woman's teeth to be pulled while she was in life's early morning: in which case a new and costly false set must be put in and worn, let us say,—excepting, of course, at night,—for fifty or sixty years. It was a hideous nightmare that for a moment gripped the throat of my mind, but thankful I am to say, when Dr. Bagley's very modest fee of one dollar was paid and we were again on the road, even though it was under "a hot and copper sky," the bad dream passed away not to return.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, after a hard, hot trudge, with the sky in the west ever growing more threatening and

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thunder-stormy, we came to an attractive apple-orchard, standing to the right of the road and offering a sufficiently secluded spot for the usual afternoon rest. There was long lush grass and shade, and a fine distant prospect—for it was on the brow of a hill, below which the valley of the Connecticut stretched itself off grandly for 20 miles. Woodland and grain-fields and farm-houses bathed in the afternoon sunshine. But at a point in the valley prospect, about five or six miles distant, a conflict in the elements was evidently going on. There was a cloudy concentration, deep violet in hue, where rain must have been falling in torrents, and from which the zigzag, orange-colored lightning flashed incessantly, and then later would come the long-drawn muffled roll of the thunder. It was beautiful and fascinating to behold, but my very practical “safety-first” mind kept asking: “Which way is that storm moving?” If our way, it will be upon us in twenty minutes, but if it goes northward, following the river channel and against its current, we shall escape it. I thought of our experience with that other thunder-storm, where Al Butz’s smoke-house and farm-house saved us from a ducking near Stone Church, in Pennsylvania; so I goaded Dorothy Whipple to a fever of haste in packing up everything that had been unstrapped and taken out of bags. So that we had no rest to speak of. About 20 miles we made that day, getting into Westminster, with its splendid ancient elms and immensely broad common on either side the highway, at about 5 o’clock in the afternoon. And to Mrs. Nutting’s boarding-house, where I stopped alone last year, back from the street and shady, but with large space about it, we marched confidently and inquired if we might stay over night. “Yes”—there was no trouble whatever. This good lady remembered me at once, and apparently recalling nothing to my discredit, we were taken in without a murmur and treated just as though we were members of the family. It was delightful—the sense of peace and comfort. I luxuriated in the amount of time at my disposal for bathing and brushing off, and putting all the wet things where the air would come to them so as to get them at least half dry

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before the morrow's start. Not only could all this be done before supper, but there was time to spare for sitting on the narrow veranda and looking across the road and making a sketch, on a very small piece of paper, of the same Italian garden opposite that I had seen last year, with its luxuriant vines on a long white trellis support, and its peonies and roses in full bloom. Right glad was I, and I think it was so with Dorothy Whipple, that we decided to stay at Westminster and not to attempt reaching the fashionable and much-talked-of Walpole, a mile further on upon the other side of the river.

Our stay at Westminster, though only for an afternoon and a night, was most agreeable and interesting, because the family who took us in were gentle people—thoughtful, refined, and hospitable. Miss Nutting, the daughter, a beautiful, attractive girl, seeing Dorothy Whipple in distress with her tooth, gave her, among the names of several good dentists in Bellow's Falls, one especially that we determined to consult—a woman practitioner, Dr. Vera Congdon. Getting that name was a happy chance. At supper that night I enjoyed a talk with an intelligent, vigorous young man, Mr. Morse, who had come up in his auto just for a brief visit to the family—a chance acquaintance that I would have liked to improve.

The thunder-storm of the early afternoon that we had seen from afar, but which had spared us wholly, had brought considerable and needed rain to Westminster, but on toward Bellow's Falls it had been much heavier. After it the evening was radiant. Before it became too dark to see clearly I made a small pencil sketch, looking down the old street by the way we came. A part of the charm of the place—it is also true of so many of the old New England towns—rests in the dignity and massive towering forms of the great elms which guard the highway on either side. To bed and to sleep that night by 9 o'clock.

On Saturday, June 12th, I rose with alacrity at 6 o'clock. The weather was glorious; the air—washed clean and cool by the storm of the previous day—was most invigorating. The Nuttings—a wide-awake family—gave us breakfast at 7 o'clock,

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and we were on the road at 8.30. We had telephoned ahead, making a dental appointment with Dr. Vera Congdon at 10, to keep which strictly would require lively stepping, for the distance was five miles. We walked very fast for pack-laden people, but could not quite make it on time; yet we did fairly well, reaching the heart of Bellow's Falls and Dr. Congdon's office at 10.20. As you approach the town there is a very long, heavy hill to pull up. A man working in a stone quarry to the left of the road caught sight of us. He dropped his hammer for a moment to get a good look; then, seeing Dorothy Whipple walking several paces ahead of me,—she was full of fire and go that morning,—called out, “Does she always lead you like that?” “Wait till you see us at the end of the day,” was my retort.

Dr. Vera Congdon's office we found a delightful place, especially the large waiting-room—that and the operating-room are on the second floor. It was a pleasure to sit down in it after the five miles from Westminster quickly done. It was so quiet and cool. There were fine, large photographs on the walls—of the Roman Colosseum and other foreign places of note. Dr. Congdon herself is a most inspiring person, of large frame and cordial address. She impresses persons meeting her for the first time as a woman of the most vigorous and fine personality. It took scarcely any time to remove the cap of that painful tooth, to let the imprisoned gas escape, and to bring rest where there had been, I doubt not, little short of agony. Praise be to the dental profession in general and to Dr. Vera Congdon in particular! A small fee paid, we went on our way rejoicing, but not before the doctor told us that she had been caught by that thunder-storm of the previous day while she was out in her Ford car, and was drenched to the skin. “It came down in bucketsful,” she said.

It was only a few steps from the doctor's office to the Moody House, where I was at once recognized by the proprietor, who remembered me from last year, and where we got a good, old-fashioned, substantial dinner.

Fortunately for the saving of precious time, the meal was an early one, and although leisurely partaken of, it was over by 1 o'clock. But then there was another cause of delay which this time was my fault. It almost balanced Dorothy Whipple's dentist. Partly due to our forced march of the morning, partly to the light, almost heelless canvas shoes that I had been wearing, pain had come back in the tendons of one of my legs. It was necessary to bandage it tightly before starting, or I might be stopped altogether. Calling to our aid the hotel authorities, a room was placed at my disposal without extra charge,—treatment as liberal as it was unusual,—and there, with the window wide open on the one side and the door on the other, to permit the freest entrance of light and circulation of air, I was put into condition for the labors of the afternoon. Beautiful glimpses of the noble Connecticut River that walk afforded, rest for a brief time about 4 o'clock, and then, at 5, we were marching up the main street of North Charlestown to put up until Sunday morning at the Swan Inn.

The town is one of the oldest in the State, and bears evidence of that fact in the great size and beauty of its elm trees, which at that season were in full leaf. They lifted their great heads high and overshadowed everything. We were well received at the Swan Inn, where I had stopped the previous year, and were given comfortable rooms, and then supper. After that, as it was still quite light and there was a ruby glow in the western sky,—seen through the dark-green, drooping branches of the elm trees,—I sat down to make a lead-pencil sketch. There were people, unobtrusive and quiet, seated about me enjoying the cool of the evening. Presently a man came up from one of the newspaper offices or stores, I judged, in a state of mild excitement, to announce the decision of the Republican National Convention—then sitting in Chicago—of Warren G. Harding as the party standard bearer for the great presidential contest to take place in November. The little group seemed a bit puzzled at the news, perhaps, like myself, who had not heard the name before, wondering that General Leonard Wood, or Herbert Hoover, had

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not been chosen. At that moment my walking companion came up to join me and we went off to the adjacent Public Library to enjoy the excitement of reading before the place closed for the night, when it and the town would slumber until Sunday morning. Remembering a thrilling story told me by Bishop Parker several years before, when we were at Sunapee together, of the heroic defense made by the earliest settlers of Charlestown against an attack of French and Indians, I asked and obtained from a very courteous lady, acting as a substitute for the librarian, a local history which told the story in great and interesting detail. There were few families in the place then. A party of men under Captain Phineas Stevens, a very able soldier, had in 1744 made an outpost fort in the forest with the intention of bringing their wives and children later. They were then attacked by Indians, whom they defeated. But it was in 1748 that the famous battle took place between Captain Stevens' command and a large body of French and Indians. The defense was not only heroic, but successful, reflecting such credit upon the English captain who commanded it that a noted British admiral of that day sent him a sword of honor in recognition of his achievement.

On Sunday morning, June 13th, I rose at 6.30 with a sense of pleasurable excitement in my mind at the thought of being so near the long journey's end. Both of us were alive and both in good health. We were but 12 miles from Claremont, and Claremont but 18 from Sunapee. "All things come to him who waits," and who at the same time keeps moving, no matter how slowly. We had breakfast at 8 o'clock. Then we paid our bill, which was \$4—cheap enough, it seemed. The wind was east and a little rain was falling. But what did that matter? At 9 o'clock we were en route, moving blithely along to cover those 12 miles. We stopped only once for rest and slight refreshment,—prunes and peanuts it consisted of,—at a point three miles short of Claremont, on that great stretch of meadowland that travelers by train, or motor car, or shank's mare must cross before the town is reached. We sat down on a pile of lumber to

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rest as we took our humble meal. Then came the great, long hill that rises seemingly without end. Up this, with easy patience, we toiled, and then, with lessening effort, we made our way by peaceful cemetery and through the pleasant outskirts of Claremont. We reached the Moody House by 1 o'clock, in time to get rested and washed up for the enjoyment of what seemed to me, at least, a regal dinner. Wasn't it good and wasn't it sustaining? It certainly was, and the united cost was \$2.50!

Then came a brief but satisfactory period of rest and of letter-writing. Part of the former time I passed in an arm-chair outside the hotel front door, an observant and amused spectator of the busy morning outdoor Sunday life of Claremont. Crowds of well-dressed people moved into a neighboring church to attend graduation exercises and to hear the sermon usual on such occasions of some high school or country college commencement. Close to where I sat, and in the immediate foreground of observation, was a tiny picture of a different kind of Sunday observance. A small party of boys and girls—they were almost too immature to be called young men and young women—were getting ready to go home in their little Ford motor. It was standing in waiting near the hotel. All the seats were filled excepting two in the back part of the car. To them were assigned evidently a boy and a girl. He jumped in, and then the girl. Just as the vehicle started, the young lady, quietly and without the slightest change of expression, adjusted her arms about the neck of the young man and there they remained as the motor car joy-ride—if so it should be called—sped off out of sight into the distance.

It was cloudy, but the rain fortunately held from falling as we left Claremont at 3.30 o'clock in the afternoon for Newport. The distance is about 12 miles. We walked quite steadily, with one stop for rest and a little lunch at a farm-house in the valley and close to Sugar River and the railroad, five miles short of our objective. The married woman of the place where we stopped was friendly, communicative, and very intelligent. She gave us cool, good water to drink,—not a hard thing to do

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in this land of hills and streams,—and told us feelingly of the trials met with by farmers well out in the country during the past hard and snowy winter. For days at a time no trains got through, so deep were the drifts. She thought I could hardly be a white American because I was “so dark complected.”

We did not reach the Colonial Hotel in Newport that night until 7.20. We discovered, to our chagrin, that although the reservations for which we had 'phoned at dinner-time in Claremont were kept for us, we were just about one hour too late for supper. They were running on the “new time,” and we on the old, and hence the misunderstanding. The dining-room was silent, cool, and tomb-like, and would so be until breakfast-time the following morning. So when established in our respective rooms and made as presentable as it is possible under such circumstances for long-distance walkers to be, we sallied forth with slowly subsiding disappointment to eat a dollar supper at Childs's.

The charges at the hotel seemed to me at the time very high, but I got a fine, airy room, with plenty of electric light, and a good, easy bed. I enjoyed the comfort of it to the full. The breakfast next morning was most satisfactory, and a splendid preparation for the six miles, or seven, that remained to be walked over on Monday morning. No more signs of rain that second day of the new week. Before starting on the home stretch we visited our good dentist, Dr. Libby, making an appointment with him to treat Dorothy Whipple's suffering tooth on Thursday of that week. Such cares discharged from our minds, at 9 o'clock that day, being June 14th, we started—backs heavily laden but minds free as the circumambient air, which, at that time, was filled with sunshine and a blue dome above it—to reach Sunapee and “Min-Afon.” We stopped for a few minutes to pay our respects to Mrs. Hardy, who lives just beyond Wendell, and who is the mother of Lieutenant William Hardy, a skilled equestrian with a good war record on “the other side.” She has a number of fine daughters, all friends of mine, who need not here separately be mentioned. By noon

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that day the long walk was done, and I found myself, at set of sun, a solitary resident of the little cottage by the quiet and beautiful lake that has been the modest, happy seat of my family for more than twenty-five years. My young friend, Dorothy Whipple, in a state of equal physical health and contentment with myself, found her accustomed lodging-place in Sunapee. And there we made ourselves ready to begin—I as employer and director, she as secretary and helper—a summer campaign, the activity and interest of which we could neither of us then anticipate, for the rights of the North American Indians; for the control and, let us hope, elimination of the White Pine Blister Rust, the menace of New Hampshire; the acquisition of an additional tract of land to be added to the public park already established on Mount Sunapee, and other things that need not here be specified for the general public good and that of men and women, rich or poor, high or low, white, black, or yellow, who compose the great human family. And may the readers of the foregoing pages have charity for the writer's limitations or faults while joining him in the same great quest!

HERBERT WELSH.

February 23, 1921.

Newport, N. H., September 2, 1920.

Not long since I called on and examined my old friend, Mr. Herbert Welsh. Although he had walked from Philadelphia to Sunapee, a distance of 430 miles, I found him in excellent condition. His carriage was as erect as a student from West Point. He was well nourished. His fine physical condition is due unquestionably to his habit of pedestrianism. If more people would indulge in this form of exercise, I fear we physicians would have less to do.

F. P. CLAGGETT, M.D.

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5430 Germantown Avenue,
Philadelphia, Pa., November 1, 1920.

Having the privilege of having been Mr. Welsh's physician for nearly fifteen years, and much interested in the walking trips he has from time to time taken, it is a pleasure to submit to his many friends the results of a recent examination:

I found him in prime condition, his heart, blood-pressure, and lungs were normal, and his muscles exceeded in development those of most men many years his junior.

His general health is better now than ten years ago, and I attribute this solely to his walks and life in the open, and to the excellent judgment he has at all times used concerning his physical recreation.

(Signed)

JAMES W. WISTER.

